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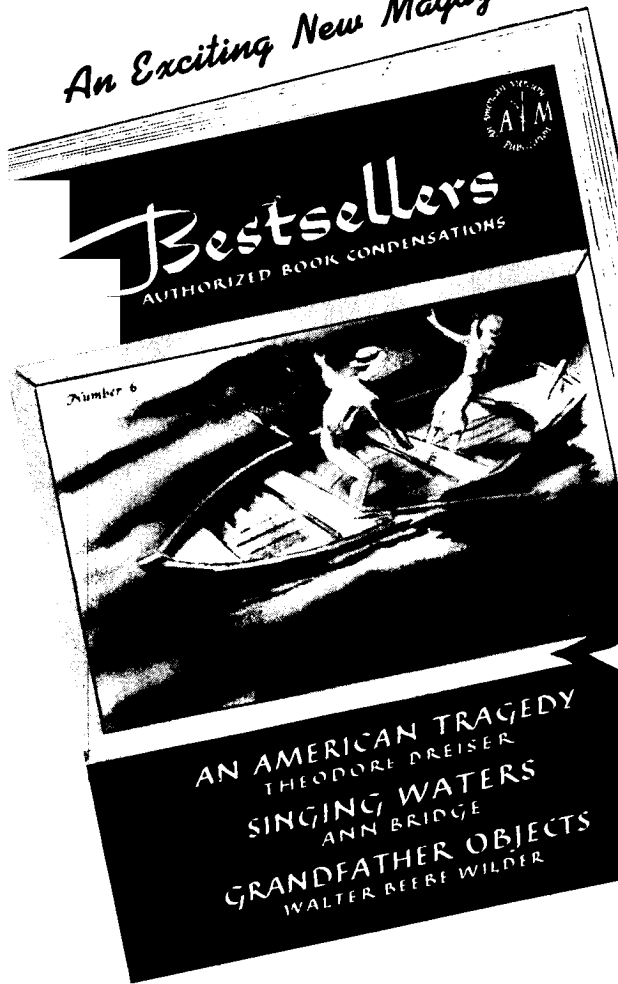
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The American Mercury

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VOLUME LXIV

APRIL 1947

NUMBER 280

The Goal of Soviet Policy	James Burnham	389
The Third Term Issue	Arthur M. Schlesinger	407
Further Memories of Tom Wolfe	L. Ruth Middlebrook	413
How Miners Live	A. H. Raskin	421
The Hijacking Racket	Malcolm Johnson	428
News Butchers	Stewart H. Holbrook	434
Louis Brandeis: People's Attorney	Alpheus Thomas Mason	440
My Love, <i>A Poem</i>	Leona Ames Hill	447
THE THEATRE: Some Plays and Some Playwrights	George Jean Nathan	450
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 12	David W. Maurer	454
Bible of the Women's Wear Trade	Donald B. Robinson	455
New Facts About the Hangover	Alson J. Smith	461
Prempeh, <i>A Story</i>	Ethel Rovere	466
Appeal to Beauty, <i>A Poem</i>	Charles Hanson Towne	470
The Impasse in Korea	Robert T. Oliver	471
THE SKEPTICS' CORNER	Bergen Evans	477
DOWN TO EARTH: Our Sister, the Moon	Alan Devoe	483
The Totalitarian Threat to Brazil	Bryce Oliver	487
THE LIBRARY: The Roosevelt Literature	Richard H. Rovere	494
Evening Prayer of a Little Girl, <i>A Poem</i>	Charles Angoff	501
THE CHECK LIST		502
THE OPEN FORUM		506
COVER (<i>Molotov</i>) by Hirschfeld		

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BY GROUCHO MARX

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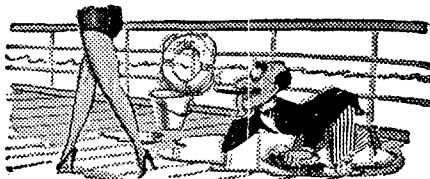
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The American Mercury

THE GOAL OF SOVIET POLICY

BY

JAMES BURNHAM

THE ultimate goal of Communist, and therefore of Soviet, policy is the conquest of the world. This is not a surprising or a fresh discovery. It is a secret only to the ignorant or the deceived.

There has never been any mystery about this goal, except for those who have wanted it to be a mystery. From the very beginnings of Communism, not only from the formation of the Bolshevik faction in 1903 but from the time of Marx' and Engels' *Manifesto*, this goal has been reiterated in theory and furthered in practice.

Marx told his followers, "You have a world to win," just as Stalin proclaims in his chief textbook: "Here is the greatest difficulty of the Russian Revolution, its supreme historical problem — the need to solve international problems, the need to promote the world revolution." The Program of the International boasts in its introduction that it "is the only international force that has for its program the dictatorship of the proletariat and Communism, and that openly comes out as the *organizer of the international proletarian revolution*." It announces

JAMES BURNHAM *has been an economist, philosopher and editor for some twenty years, and since 1929 has taught both philosophy and economics at New York University. From 1930 to 1934 he was co-editor of The Symposium, one of the most lively critical and philosophical journals of that time, and from 1935 to 1940 he was editor of The New International, a periodical devoted to the criticism of Stalinism. He is the author of The Managerial Revolution and The Machiavellians. This article forms a chapter in his new book, The Struggle for the World, scheduled for early Spring publication. (Copyright 1947 by James Burnham.)*

with confidence and satisfaction "the inevitable doom of capitalism." Part III of the Program of the International has as its title: "The Ultimate Aim of the Communist International — World Communism." The official *History of the Communist Party*, required reading for all Communists everywhere, declares: "Study of the history of the Communist Party strengthens the certainty of the final victory of the great task of the Lenin-Stalin Party: the victory of Communism in the whole world."

The fact that this is the Communists' belief, that world conquest is, in their own minds, their goal, is not, by itself, particularly important. There have been, and still are, other groups and even individuals who have believed in this same goal of world conquest. Several such individuals can be found in almost any insane asylum. There the belief is not taken seriously in objective terms. It is regarded as a delusion which, far from being coherently related to the total behavior of the maniac, is symptomatic of the breach between his diseased mind and its social environment.

The situation is analogous when this goal is professed, as it has often been, by small and weak sects. Then, too, it can be treated as a more or less troublesome delusion. It is not materially possible for the sect to do anything about the goal, and the rest of the world does not have to be concerned. Often the actions of the sect, in spite of the professed goal, do not have any positive relation to it: the

grandiose goal is no more than an inverted answer to some obscure psychotic need. Implicit in at least one interpretation of the doctrines of Mohammedanism, Judaism, and even Calvinism is a goal of world conquest; but none of these groups is acting in practice to realize the goal; and none of them is in a material position to have a chance in this historical period to achieve it, even if they should attempt to do so. Therefore, in these cases also, the goal may be disregarded.

When, however, we find that a belief in the goal of world conquest is combined with both sufficient means to give a chance of achieving it, and actions which in fact work toward it, then the purpose must be taken quite literally, at face value. This was the case with Nazism; and it seems also to have been true of at least one section of the Shintoist-militarist Japanese leadership. It is much more obviously true of Communism. In Communist doctrine, there is not the slightest ambiguity about the goal of world conquest. In action, Communists work always and everywhere toward that goal.

And at the present time the means at their disposal, in numbers, material resources, and psychological influence, are enough to give them a very substantial probability of reaching it.

However often this plain truth is repeated, very few of the leaders and citizens of the democratic nations really believe it. They do not believe it, I suppose, because they do not

want to believe it. It is, we may grant, an uncomfortable belief, putting a pistol to the will, and demanding just Yes or No as an answer. Nevertheless, and in spite of however many exorcisms by Henry Wallace or the Dean of Canterbury, it is true, and will continue to be true, until the issue is decided.

II

The Communist doctrine, hardened as it is into a fixed mental pattern by a century's tradition, is not the only force impelling Communism toward the goal of World Empire, though it alone is sufficient to establish and maintain World Empire as the goal of Communist activity. At least three other major pressures are operative:

1. Contemporary society is ripe for World Empire. This is evident to all observers, but seems particularly clear when analyzed from the Marxian point of view, in terms of which Communists understand the world. The international division of labor, the development of rapid transport and communication, the complex inter-relationship of world industries, the unavoidable impact of each region of the world upon every other, the patent archaism of the present political divisions, the class stratifications ignoring national boundaries, all constitute what Marxists call the "material conditions" for a world state. A world state, Marxian reasoning concludes, must therefore necessarily come into being, since "political

superstructure" is necessarily determined by "material conditions." There is no doubt, it may be added, that these conditions do act, not only upon the Communists but upon other powerful groups and states also, as an objective pressure directed toward world political integration. The Communists themselves, independently of their ideas, are acted upon by these pressures. In addition, they reason consciously from them to the inference that if they do not themselves organize a World Empire for their own benefit, then others will at their expense.

We should also bear in mind that the advent of atomic weapons makes the question of World Empire incomparably sharper and more immediate.

2. Another force driving the Communists toward world expansion, of a type very familiar in historical experience, is the effect of economic and social failure within the Soviet Union, the primary base of Communist power.

The stories about the mighty successes of socialist industry within the socialist fatherland, about the Communist "solution of the economic problem," are, of course, mythical. The fact is that the great mass of the Russian people has lived, under the Communists, at a material level well below that which it had under Tsarism, and that this level has declined during the Five Year Plans. Hunger, cold, and squalor, as well as terror and slavery, are the products of a quarter-

century of Communist victories. Soviet industry is for the most part incompetent, inefficient, and qualitatively at a low level. The mass of the terrorized population, moreover, bitterly hates, as well as fears, the Communist masters.

Under these circumstances, the expansion of Communist rule holds out several substantial promises.

First, according to the time-tested formula, it serves to divert attention from the internal difficulties. Victories elsewhere make up for defeats at home. A ready-made excuse is provided for the wretched living conditions. The discontent and anger of the people is deflected from the heads of the Communist rulers.

Second, the looting of conquered territories means a temporary addition of desperately-needed consumers' goods. From the start of the present stage of expansion in the Baltic nations, the Communists have systematically stripped the stores, warehouses, barns and homes of the conquered territories. It should not be imagined that the individual soldiers who have done the initial looting have been permitted to keep commodities other than what they have put into their stomachs. After the first outbursts die down, the soldiers are in turn looted by the state, and the goods distributed according to the plans of the rulers.

Third, the new territories yield the Communists vast new reserves of manpower, upon which they rely to make up for industrial inferiority.

Fourth, the Communists gain new capital goods — factories, mines, railroads, machines.

3. Finally, even if World Empire were not the positive goal of Communism, it would, from the Communist standpoint, be a necessary aim as a defensive measure. The Communists believe, and have always believed, that there are only two alternatives for modern society: Communism or capitalism. In spite of what people may "subjectively" think, they are all "objectively" lined up on one side or the other: there is no in-between. When, therefore, Communism became a serious world force by conquering a large section of the earth and its inhabitants, an inescapable historical dilemma was presented. Either capitalism would destroy the new Communist world, or Communism would conquer the remainder of capitalism. (Somewhat paradoxically, the Communists hold the latter result to be in the long run "inevitable.") The showdown might be drawn out or for a while postponed, but it cannot be avoided.

World capitalism (in which they include everything except themselves) is at present, they believe, in its death agony. It is driven by its internal contradictions to an ever more ruthless policy of world exploitation. Above all, it hopes to get renewed strength by opening up to exploitation the areas and peoples of the Soviet Union, now shielded by the proletarian dictatorship. This objective, the Communists believe, has nothing to do with

the personal opinions and wishes of the capitalists themselves, or their political leaders. It follows necessarily from the nature of capitalism in decline. It is inevitable, just as war under capitalism is inevitable; and just as it is inevitable that the "real meaning" of every war of the present time is an onslaught against the Communist fortress of the Soviet Union.

Stalin, in his principal theoretical work, *Problems of Leninism*, has summed up the issue as follows:

The basic fact . . . is that there no longer exists a worldwide capitalist system. Now that a Soviet country has come into existence . . . worldwide capitalism has ceased to exist. The world has been severed into two camps, the imperialist camp and the anti-imperialist camp. [Vol. I., p. 369.]

We are living, not merely in one State, but in a system of States; and it is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist interminably side by side with imperialist States. Ultimately, one or another must conquer. Pending this development, a number of terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois States must inevitably occur. [Vol. I., p. 56, quoting from Lenin, *Works*, Russian edition, Vol. XVI, p. 102.]

As if to make certain that the entire world should know that nothing of this doctrine had been abandoned as a result of the reformist demagoguery of the Teheran Period, Stalin declared in his election speech of February 10, 1946:

It would be incorrect to think that the war arose accidentally or as a result of the fault of some statesman. Although these

faults did exist, the war arose in reality as the inevitable result of the development of the world economic and political forces on the basis of monopoly capitalism.

In terms of these beliefs, world conquest is for the Communists the only means of self-defense. Any war which they conduct, no matter who fires the first shot or first invades — as, for example, the Finnish War of 1939 — is by definition a defensive war.

The naive appeasers of the Communists imagine that these beliefs of theirs can be altered if we show the Communists that we are really their friends, if we talk softly to them, and grant everything they want. They overlook, to begin with, that what the Communists want is the world. And they do not understand that, in the eyes of the Communists, this friendliness from the class enemy must be either a hypocritical deception or a symptom of stupidity and weakness. Nothing is going to change these beliefs. Certainly no rational argument or evidence is going to change them, because, in the fundamental point that Communism must either conquer the world or be itself destroyed, the Communist belief happens to be true.

III

Within the framework of the ultimate goal of World Empire, the specific present Communist objective is the preparation for the open phase of the Third World War. Preparation for the war is the basic Communist "line." As always, this means that every

Communist activity, no matter how seemingly remote, is directly or indirectly subordinate to the "line." The Fourth Five Year Plan, the policy in the CIO, the new purges, Gromyko's behavior at the Security Council or the Atomic Commission, the seizure of Austrian industries, the formation of the World Federation of Trade Unions or the recognition of Perón, the fighting by the Chinese Communists or the anti-United States agitation throughout Latin America, the application by the British Communists to join the Labour Party or the campaign on the Franco question, the reorganization of the Red Army and Navy or the attempt to unify the United States seafaring and waterfront unions, the call for a monopolistic American Authors' Authority or the intransigence on Germany, the step-up in activities among the U. S. Negroes and the nursing of Moslem friendship: all these and all the rest are simply part of the preparation for the war. Soviet policies are mysterious only to those who persist in looking at them from the outside, separately and piecemeal, who refuse to use the key which the Communists themselves supply to all who wish to use it. If we have a general understanding of the nature and goal of Communism, all that we further need is a grasp of the main current line. Then everything fits into place, from slogans to assassinations, and the policy as a whole is revealed to be not in the least mysterious, but more direct and simple than any other in the world.

For convenience, the task of the preparation for the Third World War may be subdivided into the following:

1. The attempt to consolidate effective domination of the Eurasian continent.
2. The simultaneous attempt to weaken and undermine all governments and nations not under Communist control.

In the present section, I shall confine myself to the first of these.

In August 1939, the Communists, in this respect heirs of the Russian Empire, held control of what geopoliticians call the "inner Heartland" of the "World Island." For the first time in world history, the inner Heartland (Central Eurasia) possessed a mass population, a high level of political organization, and a considerable industrialization.

In August 1945, Communist domination, though not yet fully consolidated, extended in the West to a line from Stettin south to the Dalmatian coast, and East to include all of the Balkans except Macedonia, Thrace, and the geopolitically unimportant Greek Peninsula. This line on the West, except for the omission of Macedonia and the Turkish territory north of the Dardanelles, corresponds exactly with what Halford Mackinder defined a generation ago as the outer border of the Heartland.

In the East, Communist domination reached via the Kuriles to outflank the Americas on the North, and moved into northern Korea, Man-

churia and North China. Its two lines of egress from the Heartland into China (into Manchuria, and further south into Sinkiang) are also those previously defined by Mackinder.

In the West, the Communist pressure pushes against the northern flank (Scandinavia), with the main force exerted against Germany, the key to the rest of Europe. This thrust is combined with an attempted envelopment from the rear (Spain) and what might be described as a temporary holding operation in France and the lesser European states.

In the Middle East, the pressure is felt throughout, in Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, down into Palestine and the lesser Arab states, and for that matter on into Egypt and North Africa generally. From the point of view of the thinking of traditionally naval powers, like Britain and the United States, this constitutes a "threat to the Empire lifeline," and is linked with the drive on Trieste and toward Italy. However, as understood from the point of view of land power and of fundamental geopolitical relationships, it is perhaps more fundamentally a drive across the land bridge to the southern adjunct of the Heartland, in Africa.

In the Far East, the pressure is directed toward all of China. In India, which is outside the Heartland, and of secondary importance from a geopolitical point of view, the direct force from the Heartland is not yet being exerted. The pressure is felt from within, through the influence of the

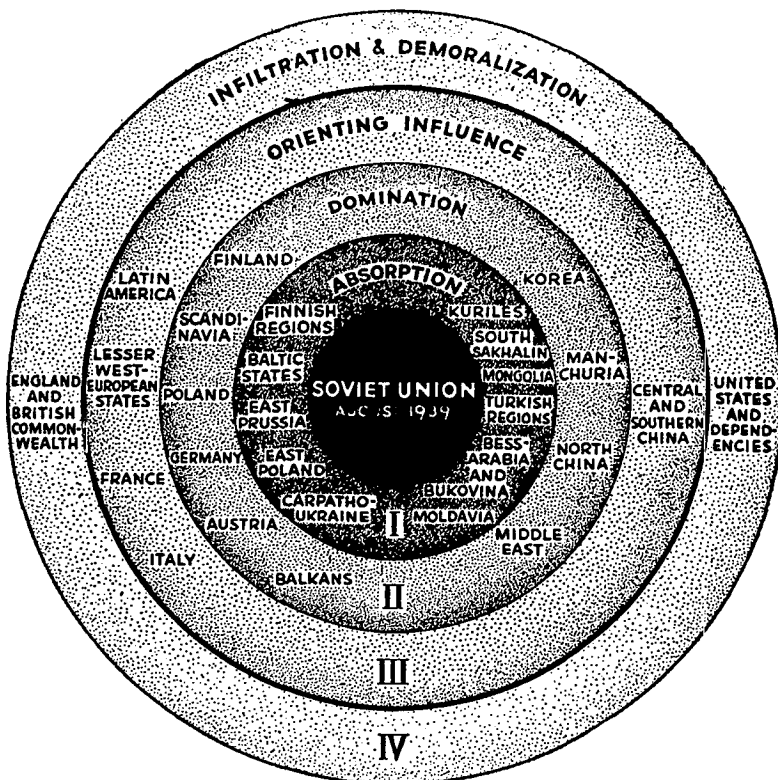
Indian Communists, the NKVD and military agents, and as an effect of the general pro-Moslem orientation.

We may picture the perspective through the geometrical analogy of a set of concentric rings around an inner circle (see the following page).

The inner, magnetic core of the system is the established Soviet Union itself, within the boundaries temporarily crystallized, after the Civil War and until August 1939. In preparation for the Second World War, this was the Communist fortress. It now becomes, in preparation for the Third, the inner defensive ring of the greater Eurasian fortress.

The consolidation of the Eurasian fortress as a whole requires, for the inner core, a series of measures which are already well-started. Economically, the new Five Year Plans are designed to expand at all costs the basic war industries, and to make a supreme effort to overtake the United States in the production of atomic weapons. New contingents of millions of slave laborers, drawn from the Russian people and from the conquered regions, provide a flexible mass labor force that can be concentrated at the will of the leadership on the economic tasks. The army, navy and air forces are being tightened and qualitatively developed, with the educational system revised to produce a maximum of disciplined, trained soldiers and officers. Politically, the new purges, the familiar NKVD terror methods, and suitable propaganda are re-establishing firm control over the people,

THE FIELD STRUCTURE OF THE COMMUNIST POWER



This figure is not meant to be either complete or in every respect exact. Its purpose is to represent not a static state of affairs, but the general character of a dynamic historical process.

which was somewhat loosened by the aftermath of the War, and are steeling them for the coming struggle.

IV

The first ring, surrounding the inner circle, represents those territories already absorbed, or scheduled soon to be absorbed, directly within the structure of the Soviet Union proper. This step was prepared for by the federalist revision of the Soviet Constitution.

Circle II represents those nations which the Communists, in the first instance, aim to dominate (rather than absorb directly into the Soviet Union) through one or another type of puppet government. Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Albania, Northern Korea, Eastern Germany, Eastern Austria, are already well inside this circle. To suppose that they will ever, voluntarily or by merely diplomatic maneuvers, be permitted to escape, is political idiocy. The Communist design is, of course, exactly the opposite: to draw them further inward, toward and finally into Circle I of Absorption; and to bring within Circle II of Domination other nations now balancing uneasily on its edge. Finland, the rest of Austria, Manchuria and North China (if the United States graciously ditches Chiang Kai-shek), Iraq, Turkey, and all of Scandinavia have even today one foot over the brink.

Germany, however, is the top prize of this circle. The leaders of the

democratic nations, who do not have an over-all political line, and who are always distracted by side issues, have yet to understand the meaning of the kind of concentrated Bolshevik *campaign* which is being directed toward the domination of Germany. Domination of Germany will in turn guarantee effective domination of the entire European continent, and will complete in the West the structure of Fortress Eurasia.

The importance assigned to Germany dates back to Lenin, and before him to Napoleonic days, when Prussian officers and divisions helped in the defeat of Napoleon. Lenin many times declared that German technology plus Russian manpower and resources would clinch the victory of the world revolution. From 1918 to 1924 the Communists tried repeatedly to carry through a German Communist revolution. Thereafter they continued intimate relations with Germany. They brought in German machines and technicians, and permitted German officers of the army outlawed by the Versailles Treaty to gain experience training the Red Army. The Stalin-Hitler Pact was by no means so unprecedented a reversal as the world found it.

Hitler's decision to launch the war against Russia did not end this more ancient perspective. As early as October 1941, the Communist veteran Walter Ulbricht was directing the formation of a Communist-controlled league among the German war prisoners. In a speech delivered to the Mos-

cow Soviet on November 6, 1942, Stalin assured all Germans: "It is not our aim to destroy Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany . . . It is not our aim to destroy all military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that this is not only impossible in regard to Germany . . . but it is also inadvisable from the point of view of the future." On July 12-13, 1943, the Free Germany National Committee was formed in Moscow, under the nominal chairmanship of Junker General Walther von Seydlitz, captured at Stalingrad, and the real direction of Wilhelm Pieck, leading German Communist and former Secretary of the Communist International.

The Free Germany Committee opened up offices under Communist direction all over the world. It drew into its membership abroad the bulk of the German-speaking residents and refugees: fellow-travelers, socialists, liberals, and ordinary patriotic but anti-Hitler Germans. Within the Soviet Union, the Committee and its affiliates undertook the job of indoctrinating the German war prisoners, the transformation of German Nazis into German Communists, and the training of special agents and of the battalions of a future "Free Germany" army. By August 1944, when Friedrich von Paulus, the German commander at Stalingrad, announced his adherence, nearly a hundred captured German general officers had joined the Committee.

So alarming to England and the

United States did the prospect of the Free Germany Committee become, that at Yalta they obtained Stalin's signature to a paragraph renouncing any plan to install the Committee as a new German government. As always, for the Communists, such a renunciation was purely of form, not of substance.

The Free Germany Committee is the expression of the Communist plan for Germany. Its program is a trap, baited for Germans with what seems to be the offer of a kind of junior partnership in the Soviet Eurasian, and future World, Empire. In reality, it aims at the incorporation of Germany under the monolithic Communist control. This program stands unchanged by the Yalta Declaration, just as the Free Germany activities, under a variety of names, continue unabated.

The terms of the German capitulation gave eastern Germany to the Communists. From eastern Germany as a base, they eye Germany as a whole. Already, by mid-1946, the progress in eastern Germany was sufficient to permit the preliminary moves toward the rest of Germany. The Communists had swallowed the socialists by forcing them into the "Socialist Unity Party." The Free Germany Committee members, Communist-trained abroad, were brought back from Mexico, New York, Latin America, London, Stockholm, Moscow. For the first time since the War, in Paris during June 1946, Molotov

membership, and for a "united Germany." By then he believed that the outcome was assured, that a united Germany would be a Communist Germany.

The policy followed in the preliminary organization of eastern Germany is, in its fundamentals, the same as that throughout the area of "domination." There need not be any set formula under which the domination is to be achieved. Great flexibility, and many diverse forms of political movement, of social structure and of government, are possible. The one constant, as always, is the elimination of all power except Communist power. Temporary concessions, favoritism, conversion, economic pressures, shuffling and re-shuffling of parties and governments, deception, and — essential and continuous prop to all the rest — the terror, threats, torture, killing, exile, forced labor, all of these, in mixed and varying dosages, gradually weed out all opposition, past, present, future, or imaginable. Coalitions, elections, treaties, mergers, these are shadows. The substance is the Communist drive toward all power.

v

The boundary in the system of concentric rings between Circle II (Domination) and Circle III (Orienting Influence) is not always precise. Circle III represents those nations which the Soviet Union does not at the given moment feel in a position to absorb or reduce to outright puppet status, but

within which it seeks enough influence to guarantee a pro-Soviet foreign policy, or at least to neutralize any tendency toward an anti-Soviet foreign policy. In Europe this includes the effort to hinder the formation of the so-called Western Bloc. In Latin America it means pressure to cut the nations loose from subordination to the United States.

The modes of influence in Circle III vary from direct pressure exerted by the Soviet state or the internal Communist parties, to various forms of concession and conciliation. As examples of the latter, it may be noted that the Soviet government was the first to grant partial recognition to the De Gaulle Committee, and the first to grant full recognition to the Badoglio government in Italy and to Perón in Argentina. During 1946 it shipped grain to France. It offered, and in some cases put through, generous economic deals with various Latin American nations. Within all the nations of Circle III, the Communist parties call for unity and collaboration in national fronts. They combine this call for unity with threats and strikes or other hostile actions to enforce abandonment of anti-Communist or anti-Soviet tendencies. Within France and Italy and throughout most of Latin America, the Communists have secured control of the greater part of the organized labor movement. There, and in China, they are ready to enter into coalition governments, where their veto power can be exercised in the cabinets.

In the nations of Circle III (including those, like the Scandinavian nations, which, though still in Circle III, are already drawn toward Circle II), the Communists' policy is to strive for socio-political conditions that permit the Communist movement to function effectively. That is why they advocate, for the present, a measure of democracy within them: Communists abandon the forms of democracy when, but not until, Communist domination is assured. That explains, also, their readiness to dissolve or merge national Communist Party organizations, and their acceptance of posts in multi-party cabinets. At the same time, they work to absorb or destroy any non- or anti-Communist revolutionary elements that tend to arise from the Left.

It is to be observed that the relations within this whole system of concentric rings are dynamic. As long as the Soviet Union retains the political initiative, the center acts as an attractive force, pulling the outer rings toward itself. As the first ring is absorbed into the body of the central circle, the second ring (Domination) tends to fuse, in part at least, with the first. Additional territories or nations tend to become candidates for outright absorption rather than for mere domination. We may rightly expect that, before so very long, applications for admission to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics will be filed by some nations now within Circle II. Similarly, the third ring (Orienting Influence) tends, as the process de-

velops, to fuse into the second; and the nations of the third ring thus tend toward the Domination group. The whole set of relations within the system of rings is summarily epitomized by the 1939-40 history of the Baltic states.

VI

We have dealt thus far with the nature of Circles I, II and III. The discussion, except for its inclusion of Latin America, has concerned the first part of the task of preparation for the Third World War: the attempt to consolidate effective domination of the Eurasian continent. Circle IV carries us altogether outside of Eurasia, and relates only to the second part of the general task: the simultaneous attempt to weaken and undermine all governments and nations not under Communist control.

The principal occupants of Circle IV are the United States, England, and the British Commonwealth. Though the ultimate Communist goal with respect to these is identical with that for every other part of the earth, the specific policy for the present period of preparation for the Third World War is, in many respects, radically different from the Eurasian policies analyzed in the preceding sections. Within this period, the Communists do not expect to be able either to absorb or to dominate the nations of Circle IV. They do not believe that in the United States they can even attain a decisive orienting influence, though they may have a

small reserve hope of swinging England into line.

Their policy toward the United States is, on the contrary, based upon the conviction that the United States is the only serious rival center of power to their own, and that the United States is their determining opponent in the developing Third World War. They believe that, in all probability, England and what is left of the Commonwealth and Empire will continue the *de facto* alliance with the United States on into the open stage of the War. The policy toward England is therefore subsidiary to the policy toward the United States, and I shall confine the following analysis to the United States.

The Communist objectives in relation to the United States may be summed up as follows:

First, to try to prevent interference by the United States with the Communist plans for the consolidation of Fortress Eurasia, and even to gain United States assistance in fulfilling those plans.

Second, to weaken, undermine and demoralize the United States to the maximum extent possible prior to the open war struggle.

Third, to become imbedded within the social fabric of United States life in order to be ready for direct action — espionage, sabotage, stimulation of riots and revolts, etc. — when the open war begins.

These objectives are furthered, of course, by Communist activities and

propaganda throughout the world. Within the United States and its dependencies they are promoted by a powerful and complex network. Many Americans, understanding nothing of totalitarian politics, dismiss the Communists as “a negligible force in American life,” because the Communist Party gets few votes in elections. For Communists, elections — particularly the vote one gets in elections — are among the most minor of political exertions. It might be recalled that in 1917, at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, the Russian Bolshevik faction, which became the Communist Party, numbered only about 25,000 members. In general it is a law of politics that a small minority, tightly organized and disciplined, knowing in advance what it wants and planning consciously how to get it, has far greater weight than loose, amorphous majorities.

The Communist apparatus in the United States, even quantitatively considered, is, as a matter of fact, very extensive. It is built out of a series of layers, which surround the inner steel, and merge at the outer edges into the general population. At the center, checking and supervising every activity, are thousands of NKVD agents. There are then thousands of other agents, of the military intelligence, and of the various special commissions, committees and bureaus of the Soviet State and the international party. All Soviet employees in this country, in whatever apparent capacity, are of course part of the

machine. All foreign Communist parties have their organized sections within all refugee and foreign-language groups in this country. Then there is the United States Party itself, with its own many layers; and the many Communists who are instructed not to join any party. Then, in widening circles, there are the fellow-travelers, the sympathizers, the dupes, the simpletons; and the millions of honest citizens who, without knowing its source or its direction, drink up the propaganda because it seems to correspond with some sentiment of their own.

In order to carry out its triple objective, the Communist network tries to infiltrate every level of American life. ("We must," Lenin commands in *What Is to Be Done?*, "go among all classes of the people as theoreticians, as propagandists, as agitators, and as organizers.") From the smallest sports clubs to the highest departments of government, from great trade unions to neighborhood debating societies, from the established political parties to minute farm cooperatives, from the Army to organizations of pacifists, from the *Atlantic Monthly* to the *Protestant*, from Hollywood parties to strike riots, everywhere Communist influence is actively penetrating. Where an organization is already established, they wedge from the outside; where there is none, they create it. As their grease for infiltration, they use everywhere the formula of the united front.

The infiltration is in part oppor-

tunistic: that is, the Communists seize any chance that may appear to entrench themselves in any kind of organization whatsoever. However, in accordance with their specific objectives, they have in the United States certain concentration areas to which they devote the greater part of their deliberate and planned efforts. The chief of these are the following:

1. *The public opinion industry.*

Enormous energies and funds are spent on winning over or influencing writers, publishers, journalists, editors, lecturers, radio speakers, government propagandists, theatre and movie producers, directors and actors, teachers, ministers, and so on. Dozens of special united fronts have been created for them; hundreds of Communist-controlled magazines, newspapers, confidential newsletters are put out. The Party plugs the sale of sympathetic books, and tries by every sort of pressure to suppress or hinder anti-Communist books, plays, movies, or radio programs. Movie sequences are adroitly slanted by its Hollywood sympathizers. Lucrative Soviet contracts are carefully manipulated. Communists and fellow-travelers pour hundreds of books and articles into the American market, when necessary through their own organizations (such as International Publishers), but more frequently and desirably with the help of sympathetic or deceived sponsors among the established publishers. Hundreds of innocent radio speakers, magazine writers and newspaper journalists are happily

unaware that the "inside information" with which they jazz up their programs and articles, and sometimes raise their own salaries, has been fed to them through a very long tube that traces back to the Agit-Prop section in Moscow.

In accord with the public opinion concentration, it is not surprising that during the war Communists and fellow-travelers were so conspicuous and so successful in the Office of War Information, in "psychological warfare" work generally, and on the staffs of the Army newspapers.

2. *Maritime and Communications.* Already a large percentage of United States seamen and waterfront employees are in unions under Communist control. The Party has also been notably successful among certain of the communication workers, including the shipboard radio operators and the employees of the crucial New York (Western Union) headquarters of international communications. Communist efforts among railroad workers and truck drivers have been stepped up, and, after earlier years of failure, are now making progress. The importance of this concentration from the point of view of war preparation is obvious enough.

3. *Intelligence Services.* The Communists are trying by every means to infiltrate the various intelligence services, military and governmental. The measure of their success is indicated by the wartime penetration of their ideas into some branches of the Office of Strategic Services, as well

as into Military Intelligence and the State Department. Their work in this field is facilitated by their active interest in the United Public Workers of America, the union which is making considerable headway in the organization of government employees. Of course all Communists, wherever they are located, are in effect intelligence agents for the world Communist movement.

4. *Science, especially nuclear science and technology.* Several years ago the Communists began large-scale work in the sciences. From the time of its formation, they have vigorously supported the International Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians. With the approach and arrival of atomic weapons, this concentration has been intensified. Communists and fellow-travelers are active in most of the committees, unions and other organizations of nuclear scientists and technologists that are now being formed. The names of several of the leading nuclear scientists have, in fact, figured in united fronts. We may take it as certain that nearly all supposed secrets of atomic energy come into Communist hands soon after discovery.

VII

From these and their other organizational vantage points the Communists in the first place manipulate American public opinion in such a way as to permit the development of the Communist Eurasian policy. Communism has by far the greatest

propaganda machine that has ever existed, and its achievements in this country during recent years are notable. United States opinion was led, for example, to accept the turning over of Yugoslavia to the Communist Tito; and of Poland to the Communist-controlled Bierut government. Communists, with detailed advance preparation, acted as a catalyst for the "Bring the Boys Home" movement following V-J Day, which demoralized the armed forces, and weakened the world diplomatic position of the United States. Many Americans now believe, or half-believe, that totalitarianism is a new kind of higher democracy. They are persuaded that there should be "non-interference" in China: that is, that China should be turned over to the Soviet-supported and -supplied Chinese Communists. They will soon be led to think that all American troops should be brought home from Eurasia. They believe, or many of them believe, that Americans abroad nurse fascists and counter-revolutionists. They are told horrifying stories about Greek monarchists and Turkish tyrants and Iranians and Iraqians subsidized by British and American big business. Whatever the immediate issue, the propaganda always finds a reason, a whole set of reasons, why the United States should do nothing to interfere with the Communist organization of the concentric ring system, should, on the contrary, help in that organization with political friendship, food, supplies and industrial equipment.

And tirelessly the propaganda hammers in the Soviet myth, the fairy story of the happy, prosperous land of socialism, where forward-moving humanity marches ahead with one mind and one voice to new and braver worlds.

On another, related front, the Communist propaganda and activities stimulate and provoke all latent conflicts between the United States and other non-Communist states. In the Philippines, the Hukbalahaps, the guerilla force exploiting the discontent of poor peasants, directs its arms and agitation against the American-sponsored new government. In Puerto Rico, the Communists join the separatist movement. Throughout Latin America, the Communists and their allies denounce Yankee imperialism. Especially is every occasion seized upon to stir dislike and distrust of Great Britain.

Within the United States, the Communists arouse and exploit every divisive possibility. Labor against capital, big business against little business, CIO against AFL, farmers against businessmen, Negroes against whites, Christians against Jews, Protestants against Catholics, landlords against tenants, foreign-born against native-born, South against North, unemployed against employed: wherever there is a potential rift in the national life, the Communist tactic is to deepen and tear that rift.

To refuse . . . to maneuver, to utilize the conflict of interests (even though tem-

porary) among one's enemies; to refuse to temporize and compromise with possible (even though transient, unstable, vacillating, and conditional) allies — is this not ridiculous in the extreme? . . . The old forms have burst. . . . We now have from the standpoint of the development of international Communism such a lasting, strong and powerful content of work . . . that it can *and must* manifest itself in any form, both new and old; that it can *and must* regenerate, conquer, and subjugate all forms, not only the new but the old — not for the purpose of reconciling itself with the old, but to be able to convert all and sundry forms, new and old, into a weapon for the complete, final, decisive and inevitable victory of Communism. [Lenin, quoted by Stalin in *Problems of Leninism*.]

It is, of course, true that many of these rifts, or potential rifts, exist, independently of Communism, within the fabric of our society. There would be a Negro problem, a labor problem, a religious problem, a Jewish problem, if there were no Communist movement. It is further true that many good citizens, non-Communists and anti-Communists, concern themselves with these problems. Their concern, however, is to try to solve them. What they do not grasp is that the concern of the Communists — with whom they so often join their activities, frequently without themselves knowing of the united front into which they enter — is not to solve them but to make them insoluble. They do not understand that the Communists do not want to mend the nation, but to smash it beyond repair. The good citizen is glad to find Com-

munist allies when he seeks, say, a fair trial for a Negro; he does not know that the Communist will use him for the precise purpose, not of helping the Negro, but of embittering and poisoning race relationships. The good citizen joins a committee to support, perhaps, the families of strikers; he does not know that the Communists in the committee have as their objective not the well-being of labor but the hopeless exaggeration of class conflicts, and the undermining of the American economy. Or the good citizen, as a humanitarian, joins some committee "for Soviet-American friendship," equally unaware that the function of the committee is to protect and defend not the peoples of Russia and the United States, but the Communist dictatorship today crushing the Russian people and tomorrow aiming for the people of America.

VIII

So, if all goes according to plan, the full war will open with the United States so isolated, and so internally weakened, divided, demoralized, that it will be unable even to make a good showing in the struggle. Meanwhile, in the war itself, with public Communist activities limited or abolished, the infiltrated divisions will be in a position to take direct action to break down the industrial and military machine, and the morale of the nation.

The downfall of the United States will remove the last great obstacle. The Communist World Empire will come into being.

It is not excluded that the present revolutionary line will be followed by a temporary change of policy, making the Party rightist in outward form. If this happened, the Communist Party of the United States would drop some of the more extreme class struggle slogans and tactics, and would, as in the Teheran Period, profess to be more friendly toward the United States government. Earl Browder might resume his interrupted post as party leader.

There are two possible occasions for such a shift. The United States might adopt such a strong policy toward the Soviet Union and Communism that the Communist leaders might feel that they had to run to temporary cover under a veil of friendliness. Or the mild approach might be thought a suitable bribe for the United States in return for United States economic assistance, and complete acquiescence by the United States in the Communist Eurasian plans. There is some reason to believe that a faction within the Soviet Union favors such a right turn, and that Stalin himself belongs to that faction.

If such a turn occurs, it will, like the previous right turns, be hailed by public opinion in this country as proof that the Soviet Union has given up world revolution, and that permanent friendly cooperation between the Soviet Union and the United States has been established.

It must be insisted once more that these political turns of the Communists are purely tactical in significance. The fundamental strategy of the Communists is irrevocably set. Nothing whatever of the analysis in this article would be altered by a shift to a rightist policy. The basic line would still be: preparation for the Third World War, by consolidation of the Eurasian base, and the weakening of the rest of the world. The specific objectives within the United States would still be to prevent political interference in Eurasia, to demoralize the country, and to infiltrate every stratum of its social structure.

The surface would alter: the slogans would seek to lull to sleep rather than to knock sharply on the head. But the knife would still be ready for the heart.



THE THIRD TERM ISSUE

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

THE House of Representatives on February 6 initiated a constitutional amendment which would restrict a President's incumbency to two terms or any part thereof. Forty-seven of the 167 Democrats united with the unanimous Republican majority in fulfilling a pledge to this effect inserted in the Republican platform of 1940 and again in 1944 — a pledge prompted by the fact that a Democratic President was then engaged in flouting the two-term tradition.

The House resolution has now gone to the Republican-controlled Senate, whose members, it is assumed, will deliberate a long time before giving it their endorsement. Less excitable and more sophisticated politically than their newly-elected brethren in the lower chamber, they may be expected to examine the recommendation with reference to its long-range implications, as well as to the momentary pleasure of slapping back at "that man" who was recently in the White House. ("My God," cried Adolph Sabath, Illinois Democrat,

during the hurried House debate, "can't they let the man rest in peace?") Should the Senate add its support by giving the required two-thirds vote, a further cooling-off period will ensue while three quarters of the states determine whether they wish to ratify the proposal.

The issue involved is not whether eight years should ordinarily be the limit for a President, but whether a longer tenure shall never, under any circumstances, be allowed. So momentous a decision should not be reached by the American people without a full understanding of how the tradition came about.

The Constitution, of course, permits indefinite re-eligibility. After discussing the question from every angle, and even considering fixed presidential terms of from three to twenty years, the Federal Convention of 1787 finally settled upon the present duration of office with no bar to further elections. George Washington, who defended the Convention's action in a letter to Lafayette in 1788, later

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declined to accept a third term in his own case because, as he explained in his Farewell Address, he felt old and tired and believed that, "while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it."

It was Thomas Jefferson who transmuted Washington's performance into a principle and a precedent. He feared that an unlimited incumbency would result in lifetime tenure, and "history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance." However, in communicating these sentiments to the Vermont legislature in 1807, he went on to say: "Truth also, requires me to add, that I am sensible of that decline which advancing years bring on; and feeling their physical, I ought not to doubt their mental effect." Jefferson's appeal to principle evidently did not reflect a popular demand, for eight of the seventeen legislatures urged him to run again.

Madison and Monroe followed faithfully in their master's footsteps, provoking the latter's Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, to scoff at "the practice which the Virginia Presidents have taken so much trouble to engraft upon the Constitution. . . . This is not a principle of the Constitution, and I am satisfied that it ought not to be." Congress was also of two minds about the matter, for when the Senate in 1824, and again in the following year, proposed a constitutional amendment to freeze the usage, the House of Representatives quietly by-passed it.

It is noteworthy that Andrew Jackson, the only other two-termers before the Civil War, gave as his sole reason for not running again, that "advanced age and a broken frame warn me to retire from public concerns." Nevertheless his example, too, helped to sanctify the custom.

No sooner was it well launched, however, than it ran into snags. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that since Old Hickory every executive who lived out his second term has been an active or receptive aspirant for a third one; and in this respect there has been no difference between the parties. Grant's ambitions were in the first instance squelched by a resounding resolution of the House of Representatives in 1875 against "any departure from this time-honored tradition." Most of his own party in the House sided with the Democratic majority in bestowing the rebuke. Only temporarily discouraged, Grant after four years in retirement strove openly for the prize in 1880, and this time he nearly succeeded, outstripping all rivals in the Republican convention until the thirty-sixth and final ballot. On both occasions the anti-third-term dogma served the purposes of party opponents who feared defeat at the polls because of the scandal and corruption that had discredited Grant's earlier occupancy of the White House. In John Sherman's words, his nomination would have meant "simply suicide for the Republican party."

Grover Cleveland, as his second

term neared a close, would neither deny nor confirm rumors as to his further intentions. So great was the public uncertainty that the Democratic convention, controlled by his silverite foes, adopted a plank eulogizing "the unwritten law of the republic, established by custom and usage of a hundred years." Whatever Cleveland's reasons for silence in 1896, he curtly rebuffed similar suggestions in 1903 (when he was sixty-six years old) by declaring he would not run "in any circumstances or upon any considerations." In neither instance did he betray concern over, or even mention, the third-term principle.

II

Theodore Roosevelt was the first man actually to take the issue to the country. Had he prevailed, it would have been only his second elective term, however, for he had served his first three and a half years as successor to the martyred McKinley. On the other hand, he had expressly stated in 1904, after winning the office on his own merits: "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form," and he pledged that "under no circumstances" would he "be a candidate for or accept another nomination." In line with this, he deliberately disqualified himself in 1908, though he could undoubtedly have been renominated and almost certainly elected. As a Western Congressman saw it, the people didn't

care whether it was his "second, his third or his twentieth term," and many state legislatures expressed themselves in similar vein.

Four years later, however, Roosevelt suffered a change of heart. Nettled by the policies of his hand-picked successor and unable to block Taft's renomination, he bolted the Republican party and headed the ticket of the newly-organized Progressives, explaining that his self-denying ordinance of 1904 had been meant to apply merely to three consecutive terms. At all events, the "wise custom" created strangely little stir during the campaign, and though Roosevelt lost to Woodrow Wilson, he outran Taft by 645,000 votes. Had the Republicans united upon "Teddy," as the rank and file wished, he, rather than his kinsman Franklin, would in all likelihood have been the first to shatter the tradition. The Republican and Progressive nominees between them overtopped the Democrat by 1.3 million votes.

Wilson, though an invalid in 1920, also desired a third administration, as vindication of his championship of the League. His personal physician, convinced that another campaign would mean Wilson's death, urged cabinet members to dissuade him. Nevertheless, trusted friends stood ready at the Democratic convention to spring his name at an opportune moment. The moment, however, never arrived.

Whether Coolidge intended to disqualify himself for another four years

will probably never be definitely known. His words — “I do not choose to run for President in 1928”— did not preclude the possibility of his running at a later date or, for that matter, even in 1928 if he should be drafted; and many influential Republicans put the latter construction on his Delphic utterance. “Ike” Hoover, an intimate observer in the White House, describes him as chagrined to the point of sickness when the convention failed to name him. In any event the third-term issue, though exciting much talk, was not clearly involved — far less so than in Theodore Roosevelt’s case — for Coolidge had served only nineteen months of Harding’s unexpired term plus the four years of his own.

Because Coolidge in the pre-convention days, like Wilson and Cleveland before him, kept mum about the tradition, the unfriendly Senate reaffirmed in February 1928, the House’s sweeping condemnation of 1875. Eighteen of the forty Republicans joined 37 of the 41 Democrats and the sole Farmer-Laborite on the lofty ground of principle. Yet a dozen years later a goodly number of these statesmen, including Alben W. Barkley, Robert F. Wagner and George W. Norris, hastily reneged when Franklin Roosevelt was the target, and with equal inconsistency Charles L. McNary, who had opposed the Senate resolution, was the Republican Vice-Presidential nominee running with Wendell Willkie on an anti-third-term platform.

III

The second Roosevelt’s smashing of the precedent was inseparably connected with the nation’s drift toward war. The Axis threat to civilization led him to venture upon the 1940 race, and by the same token the spreading international dangers rallied the electorate to his standard. Nevertheless the historic question received the most thorough ventilation it has ever had. A Senate committee conducted hearings on the subject, while innumerable speakers and writers explored the taboo from every angle. Lest the voters forget, Willkie unflinchingly stigmatized his opponent as the “third-term candidate,” thundered against the perils of one-man rule at home as well as abroad, and predicted that, if the tradition were upset, “our democratic system will not outlast another four years.” With equal zeal his followers observed “No Third Term Day,” and newspaper editorials, billboards and buttons everywhere flayed the “doctrine of indispensability.”

Roosevelt’s victory, with the subsequent plunge into global war, smoothed the way for his fourth election in 1944. Only the Republican legislatures of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Iowa had in the interval backed up the party’s platform demand of 1940 for an eight-year restriction in the Constitution, while a Gallup poll in April 1943, recorded 54 per cent of the country as against it. In the fourth-term campaign the Re-

publicans, though reiterating their 1940 plank, played down this double violation of the ancient dogma. For the time being at least, the principle seemed lost by default.

Was it lost beyond recall, or did the special circumstances merely suspend its operation? If the tradition has died of old age, the Senate may well think twice before trying to reanimate the corpse. The historical record shows that after a hardy start the precedent became increasingly fragile. Since the rise of the present two-party rivalry six Presidents — three from each political camp — have been confronted with the temptation of violating the usage, and of these the single one to resist from conscientious scruples later reversed his stand. The evidence indicates further that, whenever the custom was challenged, its most vocal support came from persons and groups who, disliking the man, wrapped themselves patriotically in the custom. Little wonder that this confusion of opportunism with principle frequently exposed them to later embarrassment.

Over the years numerous proposals have been put forward in Congress to set bounds upon Presidential tenure by constitutional edict, but few have come to vote and none has passed both houses and been submitted to the states. The truth seems to be that no party, however self-righteous temporarily, has cared to forestall the possibility of its own future Presidents outstaying the conventional limit. Will history now repeat itself?

Apart from the argument of past example, the most common objection to more than two terms is the President's ability to extend his occupancy of the White House through use of the patronage and, indirectly, of the public funds. But this apprehension, if justified, applies quite as much to a second term as to a later one. And even if a constitutional deadline were imposed, there would still be nothing to keep the incumbent from designating the heir apparent. One may well believe that the country would have fared better with Jackson a third time than with his instrument Van Buren, or with Theodore Roosevelt for another administration than with Taft. The case of Grant, however, shows that a President's powers of self-perpetuation can be easily exaggerated.

Opponents of the anti-third-term tradition deplore it in principle as evidencing an ignoble distrust of government by the people. Far from desiring to embed the dogma in the Constitution, they insist that that document from the start has empowered the electorate to end a President's incumbency in the only appropriate democratic way. All the voters need do is to decline to reelect him when they so wish, and this they can do even if he has engineered his own renomination. Jefferson himself, though instituting the custom, declared in another mood: "We may consider each generation as a distinct nation, with a right, by the will of its majority, to bind themselves, but

none to bind the succeeding generation." To clinch the matter, the critics point out that the Presidents who might have won a third term were, with rare exceptions, those best fitted to make further contributions to the national weal.

IV

Others have put the case for perpetual eligibility on narrower but no less persuasive grounds. Washington in his letter to Lafayette affirmed: "I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man, who on some great emergency shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public." "It may happen in the future history of the country," agreed President Grant, "that to change an Executive because he has been eight years in office will prove unfortunate, if not disastrous." And Theodore Roosevelt added by way of illustration: "If, for instance, a tremendous crisis occurred at the end of the second term of a man like Lincoln, as such a crisis occurred at the end of his first term, it would be a veritable calamity if the American people were forbidden to continue to use the services of the one man whom they knew, and did not merely guess, could carry them through the crisis."

But, many earnest souls ask, isn't there a danger that unlimited incumbency may lead to dictatorship? Republican spellbinders brandished

this specter in 1940, just as the Democrats had earlier professed to see "Caesarism"—the nineteenth-century synonym for Hitlerism—as the outcome of Grant's third-term maneuverings. However, we do not tremble when a Governor or Senator continues long in office, nor do we distrust the democracy of Canada, which has retained the same Prime Minister for a total of more than twenty years. It should also be remembered that neither Hitler nor Mussolini attained dictatorial power through repeated re-elections. Their success rested on the secret police, not the secret ballot. To believe that totalitarianism can grow up on American soil is to doubt the people's will to cure the conditions out of which alone totalitarianism can arise and also their bedrock faith in past liberties dearly won. Should such a juncture arrive, constitutional prohibitions will afford no barrier. As Washington said in the natal days of the Republic: "When a people shall have become incapable of governing themselves, and fit for a master, it is of little consequence from what quarter he comes."

Such, then, are the considerations which the Senate should bear in mind when weighing the House's proposal of a shackling amendment, and these, too, should be filed away by the American people for future reference if they are asked to act.

FURTHER MEMORIES OF TOM WOLFE

BY L. RUTH MIDDLEBROOK

IT is a mistake to assume that Tom Wolfe remained totally undiscovered until his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, appeared on the literary horizon in 1929. Wolfe was never undiscovered. Even at fifteen, when he first came to the University of North Carolina with a hunger for life and fame big within him, he was a figure of a man. No one could be six and a half feet tall and remain undiscovered for long. And when in the fall of 1918 he joined Professor Frederick Koch's famous playwriting class, the only male student among the thirteen that comprised the original group, he was hardly unmarked among "that Ladies Aid Society," as Wolfe used jocularly to call it.

He and Professor Koch became fast friends from the first. (What a hilariously striking picture they must have made as they strode across the Chapel Hill campus together! Koch, a lean, rather bandy-legged dynamo of a man in a belted Norfolk suit; Tom, towering head and shoulders above him, loping along, dressed in anything he could find big enough to cover his innocence. Koch's circle of acquaintances in the New York theatre world

was wide. He never doubted for a moment that Wolfe had it in him to be a great playwright and he encouraged him, as teacher and friend, with every warm gift in his power. When one summer (I believe it was in 1922) I met Professor Koch at the University of Colorado, where he was teaching, he often spoke of Wolfe's promise, though I myself was not to meet him for several years. By that time, apparently, Wolfe had already made his way to Baker's '47 Workshop at Harvard, and Professor Baker had corroborated Koch's judgment that Wolfe's gifts in playwriting were real.

Indeed, no one had more reason to work with an expectation of ultimate success in the theatre than Wolfe in those three years he spent in the '47 Workshop. His own laments to the contrary, Wolfe was never "the forgotten man." Baker's influence on the serious drama of the twenties had reached amazing proportions. Had Baker given American drama no more than Eugene O'Neill and Sidney Howard, it would have been enough: add to them Edward Sheldon, Philip Barry, and S. N. Behrman, and

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enough is as good as a feast. Broadway listened, and groups like the Theatre Guild and the Actor's Theatre read any plays recommended by Baker, or for that matter Professor Koch, with alacrity and enthusiasm.

For Professor Koch, Wolfe had written several one-act plays, two of which, *The Return of Buck Gavin* and *The Third Night*, were promising enough to be published in the Carolina Folk-Plays Series. In each of these Wolfe acted the lead, apparently with considerable histrionic ability. At Harvard, Professor Baker's '47 Workshop produced two more of his plays, *The Mountains*, a one-acter, and *Welcome to Our City*, his first full-length play.

After which he came to New York — early in '24 — to find a producer for the longer play. Koch had urged it upon the Theatre Guild, and both Teresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner, I believe, assured him that they were seriously interested in Wolfe's play. They even went as far as to suggest that he cut the play to eight scenes — it was much too long. Wolfe did everything with a full measure of devotion; nothing, however, came of it. Perhaps in the end the play seemed too amorphous; or perhaps, as Wolfe once suggested, the Guild was not at that time in a position to handle the sizable number of Negro players his drama of race conflict had called for.

But Professor Koch did not give up. He also brought the play to Sheldon Cheney's attention. Cheney was

at that time associated with the Actor's Theatre and, according to Professor Koch, was "much interested." But the Actor's Theatre failed before Cheney could do anything about Wolfe's play.

Not that Wolfe gave up even then. He continued to work at his playwriting for two more years. I believe it was sometime in 1924 or possibly 1925 that he wrote a new play, probably the *Mannerhouse* mentioned in *Of Time and the River*. And there is a question about still another play. In a letter from Paris to Archibald Henderson, dated January 1925, Wolfe speaks of working on something he means to call *The Pentlands*. According to Henderson, however, Wolfe lost the manuscript "thru' a strange misadventure," and the loss nearly "killed" him.

Like Coleridge, who could not recall the rest of *Kubla Khan* after he was awakened from his dream, Wolfe "could neither remember in tranquillity the play that was lost nor recapture the first fine careless rapture." And like Carlyle, whose first draft of the *French Revolution* had been consigned to the fire by an overzealous maid, Wolfe did try to rewrite his play, but (unlike Carlyle) apparently without success. It is at this point — in the summer of '26 — that Wolfe closed the playwriting chapter in his life, not without a heavy heart. Had the muses given him his choice, I believe he should have wanted first to be a playwright, then a poet, and last of all a novelist.

When, finally, his funds gone, Wolfe had to take a teaching post at New York University, Professor Baker was particularly saddened, though, to be sure, there was never any serious danger that Wolfe would be lost to the writing world.

II

But I cannot help sharing Professor Baker's regret that Wolfe had not held on just a bit longer. Had some playreader brought to Wolfe's first play the same devout patience and tactful guidance that Maxwell Perkins brought to *Look Homeward, Angel*, the American theatre might have been considerably enriched by an instinctive, epochal kind of drama that other playwrights are too urbane or too mannered to turn out. For it had been Wolfe's dream during half his writing lifetime that he would some day be a "robust" dramatist.

And I still hope that such of his plays as are found among his literary remains will be re-examined and turned over to a skilled craftsman like George Abbott or Margaret Webster and given a whirl on the professional stage. They will not be finished plays; they will abound in fustian rhetoric and each character will be over-developed and each scene over-written. But they will have something urgent in them — the atavistic cry of a Promethean youth who once stole fire from the gods to warm the earth. The cry of the "billion-footed manswarm" he would have called it.

But let me repeat: Tom Wolfe was

never unappreciated or undiscovered. Nor can his loneliness always be taken literally. He had become bewitched by the concept and loved the self-enchancement he could induce from the word. No young man who enjoyed the friendship of Archibald Henderson, the friend and world-famous biographer of Bernard Shaw, could be too lost or too obscure. And besides Frederick Koch and George Pierce Baker, there was Aline Bernstein who dedicated a number of her best years — when she was at the height of her own career in the theatre — to encouraging and protecting this darling of the gods. And at North Carolina he knew intimately Paul Green and Jonathan Daniels, who, considerably older than Wolfe, certainly knew their way around; and a number of other men in the writing world.

Yet from the first morning he awoke to find himself famous, to the day when he became a cult beyond his wildest dreams, Wolfe was obsessed with the fear of being exploited; the fear that people would use him as an attraction at a social gathering, or use him in some other way as a feather to decorate their cap. Indeed, he never lost the suspicious attitude of the mountaineer coming down into the valley of human traffic and social decisions. Because of that obsession, some of us among his friends had come to let Wolfe alone, to befriend him only when and as he turned up of his own accord. When he did turn up, it was usually because some self-

induced guilt turned his steps toward our door, or because he had so worried a minor problem into a major crisis that he needed another's more objective mind to think aloud with him. He always needed to be assured that the worst never happened, that the best was yet to be.

And, ironically enough, though he was a physical giant of a man, he was as child-like and frightened a mortal as God ever created in His image. He always needed a shoulder to weep on, and generally found one despite his self-pitying complaints to Professor Koch that "the honey flies" had forgotten him because his work did not produce "instant victory." A strange outcry, indeed, as a complete biography of Wolfe should some day prove. Yet it is not inconsistent with his favorite obsession, that he was simply "a mad fellow who had made loneliness his mistress."

III

Besides the North Carolina and Harvard friends already mentioned, there was his literary agent, a French woman, and every inch French. She mothered him, flattered him, and shouldered the business burdens of his writing years. Afterwards there was Maxwell Perkins, Wolfe's father confessor, editor, publisher — and, one is tempted to add, the nurse, guide and guardian of his active pen. No one, however, can read those ponderous, self-effacing pages in Wolfe's last book, *You Can't Go Home Again*, in which he parts company with his

publisher without being puzzled, in spite of the reason Wolfe himself offers. When he first met the man, Wolfe was still in need of a father's bolstering guidance; now, he explains, he felt at long last that he could stand alone.

But actually Wolfe never lost his devotion to Perkins. This is evidenced in the fact that he wrote his last letter to Maxwell Perkins under the date of August 13, 1938 when he was still on the Pacific coast: this was about the time his illness turned into the acute cerebral infection for which an operation in Baltimore a month later could do nothing. Less than a year earlier he had named Perkins his literary executor. Wolfe had a "hunch" then; he had it again in his last illness. Unlike his other letters, which usually ran from three to seventeen pages, the final one to Perkins was a short pencilled note of about 150 words. In it he seems to want to memorialize one particular date — July 4, 1935, when, apparently, his devoted friend met him at the boat, bringing with him the welcome and security that Perkins had come to mean to him.

Likewise the woman who had first recognized and then fiercely protected his gifts was sent on her way. As has already been intimated, in those first years she had taken him by the hand and led him patiently through all the abysses of his mind and compulsions of his genius. She had explored with him his first interests in playwriting and when, gently but honestly, she had found them unequal to

the demands of the commercial theatre, she guided him to his novel writing. Once his course had been determined, she saw that he had a clean, comfortable bed to sleep in, that his food was right, that he did his stint of writing day in and day out. She checked on him faithfully in those first years to make sure that he was at the one task in which his genius would find a measure of peace and fulfillment. And though she was herself at the height of a busy and successful career in the theatre, she was never without time for the problems which his brooding temperament and morbid self-consciousness multiplied needlessly. Yet she too was in time to be turned aside. Though in the end their hectic relationship left him remorseful and panicky, there was nothing he felt he could do about it. Even she had served her purpose.

It is a fact, I believe, that Wolfe could not have friends on a casual basis. He was the perfect child in his either-or attitudes toward people. You either loved him or hated him, he felt. You either thought him a genius or you had no business having any opinion of him at all. You either took him on his own terms or you did not get him on any terms. You either marvelled at him or you must be laughing at him. He never saw a possible middle point of view where he was concerned. The least criticism would send him into the dark hold of his inmost mind; he would flay himself with doubt for days on end. His gift for self-pity made him a show-

man of the first order. There is nothing like the pageant of his bleeding heart in all life or literature, save perhaps the spectacle of Byron trailing his wounded soul across the whole of Europe.

Like Byron, too, he never forgot a hurt or slight. Once, some years after Wolfe had left New York University, a mutual friend happened to bump into him in the lobby of a hotel in Richmond, Virginia. It was, of all things and times, at a meeting of the Modern Language Association of college professors. Wolfe had not of course come to the convention; he had merely happened to stumble into the hotel at the time — it was during the Christmas holidays — on an entirely different mission. The friend was genuinely glad to see him and greeted him with what, I am sure, was sincere pleasure.

"Why, Tom! Imagine finding you here!" he exclaimed. "How are you these days?"

Wolfe started to extend his hand to greet him, then suddenly, as if he had just thrust it into a hot coal fire, whipped it back furiously. "No!" he roared. "No!" and broke out into a storm of rage and invective. Then he stalked out of the hotel with the wrath of Cain on his brow. Our friend was bewildered, to say the least. He couldn't for the life of him remember having ever had any exchange of angry words with him. When he returned to the city and reported the incident to my husband and me, we were not surprised. While we spared

our friend and did not explain, we knew well enough what had happened. The "tremendous cargo" of Wolfe's memory was stirred to recall something that had happened six years earlier. The friend had said something more witty than wise about a woman we all knew. Although Wolfe hardly knew her, the southern gentleman in him rose to defend her honor. He had apparently stored that incident in his memory for just such a moment. The friend may have forgotten, and the woman herself never suspected, but Wolfe's memory was long and his passion for retribution eternal.

IV

The segment in the English Department at New York University he feared most and was most self-conscious about was the left-wing group. In this group there was one zealous revolutionary he particularly abhorred. A tight-lipped New Englander, he had suddenly exchanged Calvinism for Communism, and pursued his new political faith with all the zeal of a Jonathan Edwards. Wolfe's novels to him were everything in escapist writing this Marxist prophet had come to condemn.

One day as they walked to class together — through sheer and unhappy accident — the Marxist, only to make conversation, had observed as they parted to go to their separate rooms, "And now, Tom, I suppose you're going to charm the dear young things again."

Wolfe's black eyes flashed fire at him. "And you, I suppose, will demolish Longfellow and speed the revolution!" he snorted. Poor Wolfe found these left-wingers a nightmare to him. Not that he didn't feel superior to them as the man of genius he frankly knew himself to be, but he could not brook disapproval even from those he had no use for — just in case there might be a shred of truth in what they said.

Another time one of these left-wingers broke his heart by referring to him in print as a "dog returning to his vomit." He could never forget this ghastly dismissal of his childhood experiences in which, of course, his novels abounded. Everything he wrote was sacred to him; he could no more use a blue pencil on his writings than a father could sacrifice his first-born. Nor was he unfamiliar with Emerson's comment on Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*: "This is no book. Who touches this touches a man."

Wolfe was forever the lost child and, one felt, he rather enjoyed not finding his way back. Whether it was part of his genius to lack common sense for everyday affairs, or whether he merely play-acted, one never knew. At any rate, you came to accept whatever Wolfe did as the norm for him, and let it go at that. Thus one Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, just as my husband and I were going out, he rang our telephone — half-stuttering, half-forgetting why he called — to ask whether he could come over. He would make it in

twenty minutes. When several hours and the original twenty minutes had passed and Wolfe did not turn up, we did not call (as we might have called another friend in such circumstances) to inquire whether he was all right. You simply didn't do that with Wolfe. You almost expected it; the pattern was so familiar. He had been assailed by some momentary problem which, at the time, seemed cataclysmic to him. Whereupon he reached for the phone, dialled the first number he could remember, to talk to someone about it. Wolfe was one of the most tortured worriers I ever knew. He was always crossing bridges before he got to them; yet no one was more fascinated by bridges than Wolfe.

Though we were used to the pattern and of course were never angered or even hurt by it, we often worried and felt uneasy about such sudden appeals for help that never quite seemed necessary. One never knew what might be tearing at him at the moment. He seemed never to like to sleep at night: he would either work, or talk the night through at a friend's house, or merely walk the length and breadth of the city — in search of food, or relief from a new set of friends he had embraced too hastily — or, more probably, escape from himself.

He would stride across streets with an eternal look of panic in his eyes, morbidly conscious of his towering height. Always sure people were pointing him out, or staring at him, or laughing at him, he would walk

looking straight ahead of him as if pursued by the hound of heaven. If he was a lonely man for all the love he inspired, it was because emotion only tore him apart. Wolfe was every inch the living hero of his books.

With the first sprinkling of light in the sky, he would stumble home, fall on his bed like a stone, and sink into a deep sleep through the broad sunlight of morning. He seemed to live with the timelessness of a blind man — day seemed as good for sleep as night. It was almost the first thing you had to learn about Wolfe if you were to know him at all. If he called you at five o'clock in the morning, it might have been early for you: for him it was a reasonable hour — after all, he was just going to bed.

v

Until recently, I could never understand the unfriendly portrait of New York University and its students that Wolfe gives in *Of Time and the River*. Those students literally sat at his feet in worshipful awe of every word he uttered, every criticism he offered. It is they who deified him and gave him first the local, and later the larger fame and devotion he so hungered for. It is they who labelled him genius even before he himself dared to give it a name. Why, then, the heartless exaggeration and the mordant, fine-spun caricature of them in his book?

Now the answer has come to me, and it is not a pretty one. Too many of the students had come from the underprivileged homes reminiscent

of his own struggles against environment and family background for him not to be disturbed by them. He wanted to forget those dreadful days of impoverished adolescence when you were either an object of pity or scorn. Yet here were these students — ten, twenty, thirty-thousand of them, all daily reminders of his first frustrations.

At first he was sympathetic, then he resented this living intrusion of his past into the day's work; finally he hated it with a bitterness that became a compelling force within him. He wanted to uproot it once and for all — to divorce himself from such association. So he dipped his scalpel in acid and excoriated with a fierceness that he could never have explained. The will to destroy this pattern of constant identification was bigger than he. Those bitter, snorting pages were written by compulsion, not by conscious design; what the outer mind accepted, the inner exiled to unmistakable refutation. He had to be sure that no one could possibly confuse him with his students, or identify their ignominious humbleness with his genteel culture.

From one of my first conversations with Wolfe I remember a charming but also revealing story. One evening when he was five years old, he reminisced, he was looking out of the window and saw what he had since felt was the most perfect frost-golden moon that ever rode the sky. "See

that?" he asked excitedly. "Papa brought that!"

If papa did not quite perform that feat, he did something better. He gave his favorite son shoulders that brushed the stars and feet that were solidly on the ground in spite of an irascible genius. For only to those who were in awe of Wolfe was he complex. To those who knew him he was simply the problem child who never got over the incontrovertible fact that one had to grow up.

Fundamentally, he was a man with a powerful imagination, but his sympathy was not wide, though his perceptions were quick and intensely sensitive. He felt himself larger than life, yet no writer was more preoccupied with the elementary impulses of his private universe than Tom Wolfe. Never at peace with his own mind, he confused his passion for universality with universality itself. His deep instinct for pain of death and change never permitted him to love things for their beauty: their awful brevity was forever crowding out such simple pleasure for him. His sufferings, however self-inflicted, were real; but when he wept, it was not so much for mankind as for himself.

With his unique gift for proclaiming the most intimate of his physical sensations, Wolfe might well have summarized his own life in Whitman's language. "I loafe and invite my soul. . . . I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so luscious."

HOW MINERS LIVE

BY A. H. RASKIN

IN THE hollows of West Virginia live hundreds of American displaced persons. They are coal miners maimed by mine accidents and no longer able to dig coal. They live with their families in patchboard shacks, scratching out the best existence they can from a land that is rich in coal but lean in food-growing properties. About the only time any one thinks much about them is when a big wind sweeps down the hollows, as one did a few years ago, and leaves scores dead in its trail.

These American DPs are part of the dreary story of the coal mines — a story that erupts periodically in strikes that cripple the national economy and spread a blight of hardship and joblessness over millions here and abroad. The spotlight in these strikes is always on the domineering overlord of the United Mine Workers, John L. Lewis. Lost in the background are the 400,000 soft coal miners he leads and the conditions under which they live and work.

If they are part of the One World the United Nations was conceived to

protect, they do not know it. Their world is dominated by the mine tippie and the slag heap; their horizon clouded by the darkness and dirt in which they work. Even in these days when almost every miner has a car, the miners live by themselves in dismal company towns. There is little brightness in their lives. In the short winter days, it is dark when they go to the mine and dark when they come out. There are many city workers whose hours are as long or longer, but there are few who are so completely shut off from the fresh air and sunlight. I have been told that working in a mine is pleasant enough when you are used to it, that the temperature is moderate and uniform the year round, but it is always the operators, rather than the miners, who speak of these charms.

Self-pity is a universal trait of the miner. He feels that no one appreciates how hard he works, how unpleasant and hazardous are the conditions of his job. The only effect of constant reminders that the country cannot get along without the coal he pro-

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duces is to confirm the miner in the notion that if he is so important he should get more pay for the work he does. The fact that his weekly pay is already one third higher than the national average does not alter his conviction that it is still too low.

To the miner it seems that all the other workers in the United States can go on strike without being maligned as public enemies but when he goes out, the Government, the operators and the people of the country "gang up" to drive him back to work without gains. Justified or not, the feeling is strong in the mine fields that "no one wants to give the miner a break."

II

Health and living conditions in most mine towns are so backward that one expects to meet Jeeter Lester and the Joads on the streets, rather than men whose pay puts them in the upper bracket of workers in basic industries. There are some towns, I am told, in which the homes are neat, the streets well-tended, the sanitary and recreation facilities up-to-date. The number of such towns is regrettably small. In three weeks of traveling through Pennsylvania and West Virginia, the country's two biggest coal-producing states, the best coal town I saw was on the level of the slum districts one sees from a pullman window on the outskirts of a big city.

Most of the houses look as if they had never known a paintbrush. The architecture is in the style of piano

boxes, of boxes which look as though they might have been shipped ten times around the world in a storm-tossed canoe. Pigs and chickens root around the backyards and the streets are muddy gashes in the barren hillsides.

The houses stretch out, barrack-like, in dreary, identical rows. One of the few redeeming features is the low rents, the average being about \$11.50 a month. In the last few years most of the coal companies have encouraged miners to buy their own homes. The prices usually range from \$800 to \$1800.

With possession, many miners have begun to bestir themselves about fixing up their dilapidated homes. Coats of red, green or buff shingle have been tacked over the vanished paint. Cellars are being dug under houses in which families have lived for twenty years with nothing but a floor between their parlors and the cold ground. Heating units are being installed in place of coal furnaces set up in kitchens or bedrooms. Modern plumbing is being substituted for outdoor toilets.

Even where the houses remain run-down, one often finds comparative luxury inside. I have walked into houses with tumbledown porches and cracked windows and been struck by the array of high-priced furniture inside. Massive bedroom sets with glistening inlays of vari-colored woods, overstuffed sofas in deep, plushy fabrics, costly radio-phonographs are commonplace. A shiny electric re-

frigerator will grace the kitchen of a family that uses an outdoor privy.

The company stores contain a wide range of armchairs, electric blankets, hassocks, perfumes, jewelry and other items usually included in the concept of gracious living. They are, indeed, well-filled with almost everything the miner needs and many things he doesn't need but is likely to want. Prices are comparable to those charged in most independent food, dry goods and furniture stores and only slightly above those charged by the big food chains and mail-order houses. Although occasional complaints are heard, the days of gouging on the part of company stores are pretty well past. The miner doesn't have to buy there. He can get into his car and buy elsewhere. But if he does shop at the company store — and four out of five still do — he is not likely to suffer financially.

One powerful tie that binds the miner to the company store is the availability of credit. Since he is not paid until two weeks after the completion of his semi-monthly pay period (which means that he is paid on the last day of the month for work done on the first day), and since four times a year he has to go three weeks between pay days, the miner is usually not able to stay on a cash "pay as you go" basis, especially with frequent strikes cutting into any margin of savings he might otherwise build up. Most miners find from one quarter to one half of their pay used up in credit at the company store.

This credit continues, with some limitations, in strike periods. During the last strike, however, some Southern operators decided to withhold credit on the ground that they might expose themselves to penalties under Judge T. Alan Goldsborough's restraining order if they "aided" the strike by helping feed the strikers. During the first forty days of the earlier strike in April and May, company stores advanced \$35 million in credit to miners.

Sanitary standards in the mining communities are deplorable. Even the most elementary measures for safeguarding public health are completely lacking in most cases, according to the report presented to the American Medical Association last month by Rear Admiral Joel T. Boone. As head of a special committee appointed to survey housing and health conditions in the coal regions, Admiral Boone reported that the general run of mine towns lacked any decent facilities for garbage or sewage disposal or for insect and rat control. He said there were no reasonable safeguards against contamination from human and animal wastes or protection in food and milk handling. While conceding that some of the larger and more progressive coal companies were achieving worthwhile improvements, he described the over-all situation as deeply disturbing. The fault, he declared, lay jointly with the operators and the union.

Mining is dangerous work — the most dangerous in the nation. Despite

the forward strides that have been made in curbing accidents, death and danger are still the constant companions of every crew that goes into the mines.

III

In 1945, the best safety year in the records of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, 1086 miners were killed and 50,500 hurt in mine accidents. Thirty years ago the accident rate was three times as high, but it is still far above that prevailing in other industries. The chances of being killed in a mine are twelve times as great as the chances of being killed in a factory. The chances of injury are four times as great.

It is hard to find an old-timer in the mines who has not been laid up for weeks, months or years by at least one crippling accident. In the ten years ending in 1945, the number of men working in the coal mines averaged 525,000 but disabling accidents totaled 639,000. Included in the toll were 12,900 killed as a result of mine accidents. Little wonder that the American Federation of Labor, in supporting the case of the miners for higher pay, argues that a man who works a decade underground has practically no chance of escaping disabling injury.

Other health hazards sap away the miner's vitality in his long hours beneath the earth. Years of labor in the dank, dust-filled air of a coal mine with danger ever present bring deterioration of lungs, nerves and inter-

nal organs. An actuarial study made in 1928 indicated that the death rate for miners over forty years of age from pneumonia, tuberculosis, apoplexy, influenza and cirrhosis of the liver was double the normal rate.

Operators maintain that they are doing everything reasonably possible to reduce the admitted perils of mine work. More than one hundred new safety devices, machines and methods have been introduced in the past twenty years at a cost exceeding \$100 million. The cutting and loading of coal is now done by machines. The back-breaking toil of the pick and shovel days is only a memory in most mines.

Ventilating systems have been vastly improved, safety precautions strengthened, safety education and inspection stressed. Many of the accidents that do occur are the fault of the miners themselves. They fail to respect rules laid down for their own protection. Even joint sponsorship by operators, union and Government of the use of hard safety hats in the mines has not overcome resistance in some sections to wearing them.

But to all these arguments by the mine owners the men reply that the operators are still not complying with the safety regulations of the U. S. Bureau of Mines. They say that demands for strict conformity produce long wrangles in contract negotiations. The operators contend that it would bankrupt them to do all the things that the Government believes essential to reduce the danger element to

the lowest possible point. And so it remains a matter of the operators' dollars against the miners' lives.

There is a temptation to picture the mine owner as the monster responsible for all the woes of the miner. John L. Lewis never hesitates to do so when he needs a whipping boy to justify his assaults on the national economy. But it is hard to exculpate the miner and the miner's union from a large share of the blame for the perpetuation of conditions that are as much a blot on America as any weed that grows rank along Tobacco Road.

Mr. Lewis, for all his posturing and trumpeting, still lives in the kindergarten days of unionism. He is wedded to the philosophy of "more pay for less work," and he regards that as the fundamental, if not the sole, function of the United Mine Workers.

IV

But more money will not make life beautiful for the miners. They are already the highest-paid group in the thirteen major industrial classifications listed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Their weekly average of \$61 for forty-one hours' work is well above the average for workers in steel and other basic industries. For those who put in the full fifty-four hour week established under the Krug-Lewis agreement, earnings range from \$75.25 to \$90. Yet the living conditions of few other workers are as abysmal as those of coal miners, even though the others usually pay more

for shelter, utilities and transportation.

To put the blame for this solely on the operators is not realistic. The miner, as has been noted, is prone to indulge to the full the God-given right of every American to spend his money foolishly. One Pennsylvania miner whose house was ninety rickety steps above the road took me into the living room, so crowded with expensive frippery it was almost impossible to pick one's way across the room. A nickel-plated cocktail shaker and a fancy rack for cards and poker chips caught my eye. I asked the man whether he did much entertaining.

"Practically none," was the reply. "We hardly ever drink and we don't play cards. My wife saw these things in a store one day and thought they would be nice to dress up the parlor."

In periods when the miners are flush, the coal fields are a salesman's paradise. Peddlers with station wagons or cars full of novelties find a ready market for their over-priced bargains. Fur coats and custom-tailored suits sell fast at company stores.

All this may be written off as an indication of the miner's desire to compensate for the bleakness of his life by buying the things that best symbolize affluence to him. But what of the union's rôle in effecting basic social improvements?

The fact is that it has done little to better the conditions of life in the mine camps. Despite the vast political strength it possesses in Pennsylvania and West Virginia and, to a lesser ex-

tent, in other mining states, it has permitted a system of local government that nullifies any approach to functioning democracy in most mine towns. Thousands of communities in which virtually all the residents are miners or members of miners' families are still unincorporated.

That means there is no locally-elected town government to order town improvements or establish town regulations. The authority of the operators remains almost as unlimited in this respect as that of a feudal lord. Not all operators take advantage of this situation, fortunately. Some have aroused themselves to the need for substantial programs of local improvement, but many still take the view that to make improvements of a fundamental character would be comparable to cleansing the Augean stables. In the absence of any consistent union pressure, little is being done.

What can be accomplished when the union moves vigorously was illustrated in three small villages in northwestern Pennsylvania, where the miners went on strike for five months in 1945, in protest against intolerable sanitary conditions. Two of these towns are now incorporated and the third will soon be. The water supply has been purified and health conditions vastly improved.

To those who have urged that the UMW campaign more aggressively for town betterment, the usual answer is that Mr. Lewis does not believe in invading the prerogatives of man-

agement. He is a hard fighter on the economic front, but he is at heart a conservative in his approach to social reform.

Those whose opinion of Mr. Lewis was formed in the early days of the CIO, when he was the darling of liberals and left-wingers alike, still find it difficult to accept this appraisal, but the fact is that the UMW chieftain is a right-winger in the classic mold.

Even when he shows a militant social consciousness, as in his fight for an employer-financed welfare fund last Spring, there is reason to doubt that his primary motivation is the service of the men he represents. When the time rolled around for his wage negotiations last March, the national wage pattern of 18½ cents an hour had been established by Philip Murray and other CIO leaders. To roll along supinely in their wake was unthinkable to Lewis. The welfare fund, already won without strikes by unions in many other branches of industry, was Mr. Lewis' bid for continued recognition as the most aggressive upholder of labor's rights. With the aid of Government (whose meddling he professes to resent so bitterly), he attained his objective.

The virulence of his swing against Roosevelt, his thundering assaults on government controls and government planning in all its forms are all tokens of his basic conservatism. It is perhaps because his philosophy is so similar to that of the rugged individualists in American industry that he finds more sympathizers among big employers

than among his more responsible associates in the field of labor.

Lewis' conservatism is reflected in his allegiance to the Republican party. But the miners, loyal to his economic leadership, have not chosen to follow him in politics. His lack of success in persuading them to switch away from Roosevelt is well known. When his lieutenants in West Virginia attempted to give the knife to Senator Harley Kilgore in 1946, the effort was equally unsuccessful. In many mining districts, the margin in favor of Kilgore was ten and twelve to one.

There is remarkably little idolatry in the attitude of the miners toward the UMW president. They back him up because they feel he is fighting honestly in their interest. "When we decide he is not doing a good job, we will get ourselves a new leader," is the way many of them put it. But the structure of the union is not suited to the easy accomplishment of such a purpose, even if the will for a change became overwhelming. Under the UMW constitution, Lewis can throttle insurgent movements before they become a real menace to his security. He has repeatedly demonstrated his readiness to exert these great powers ruthlessly whenever the need arises.

At the present time, however,

Lewis is the living symbol of a union that commands the respect of its members more fervently than any other in the country. The attacks that are made upon him in Congress and in the press strengthen the conviction of the miners that he is doing a good job and deserves their continued support.

Fresh in the memory of many mine workers are the depression years when the operators, with the aid of the state militia, crushed the strength of the union and forced down wages to the point where thousands of miners were making as little as \$1.50 for a twelve or fifteen hour day. A UMW strike today is a picnic by comparison with the strikes of fifteen or twenty years ago. Rifles and machine guns guarded the mine tipples and death stalked the picket line. Today the miner stays home and works around the house when the order to quit work comes. The only time he picks up his gun is when he wants to go hunting.

But the miners are taking no chances on the return of the "good old days." They regard the union as their one trustworthy insurance against a reversion to the days of absolute company rule. They will not leave it and they will not do anything that is likely to weaken it.



THE HIJACKING RACKET

BY MALCOLM JOHNSON

HIJACKING, a technique of truck robbery developed during Prohibition, is now in its heyday. At the current level it accounts for merchandise losses of approximately twenty-five million dollars a year. A hijacking, or some variation of it, is pulled off every day somewhere in the United States: in the metropolitan areas, chiefly New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles; in many small communities; and often on the open highway. The Conboy Trucking Corporation of New York City now dispatches shipments through East Harlem, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, only in convoys, each truck carrying one or more guards. Recently a shipload of silk sent from Staten Island to Jersey City in three trucks was guarded through New York by police accompanying the convoy in three two-way-radio patrol cars, the men armed with high-powered rifles.

Textiles are at present the principal target of the hijackers. An analysis of ninety-one recent hijackings throughout the country, involving a loss of \$762,000 in merchandise, shows that

textiles made up 33 per cent of the cargoes stolen. Next came clothing, 16 per cent; liquor, 9 per cent; food, 7 per cent; furs, 6 per cent; tobacco, 6 per cent; miscellaneous merchandise accounted for the remaining 23 per cent. Boston and the New England area rank next to New York in number of thefts; the Middle West, Philadelphia and the Far West follow in that order.

Associated Transport, Inc., the largest interstate trucking company in the United States, has been one of the hardest hit by hijacking. In recent months it has suffered six major thefts representing a loss of \$125,000 in merchandise. There are other companies with records almost as serious; few major concerns have been untouched.

A natural effect of the boom in hijacking has been drastic increases in insurance rates. Indeed, insurance for truck shipments is becoming increasingly difficult to buy. There are no fixed rates for freight truck insurance, the cost being based usually on the company's record, the merchandise and the route to be taken. If a com-

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pany's experience with hijacking has been bad, the rates increase for future shipments, sometimes being quadrupled. A number of small companies have been literally hijacked out of business, as insurance rates became prohibitive for them.

II

The technique of hijacking was developed during Prohibition, when warring gangs of racketeers, armed with sawed-off shotguns and machine guns, used force to seize truckloads of bootleg liquor in transit. The hijackers of today are less given to violence but they are more efficiently organized than their Prohibition counterparts. They prefer simple larceny to armed seizure, but spectacular armed robberies still are often perpetrated in daylight in crowded metropolitan centers.

A hijacking is as carefully planned as a military campaign. The gang first obtains detailed information on trucking shipments: the merchandise and its value; time of departure from the loading terminal, time of arrival at the destination and the exact route to be taken, including the en route schedule. Often they know the driver's name, full details of the bill of lading and the license numbers of the truck and trailer.

This information is supplied by "finger men," who are usually gang members working as employees of trucking companies. At the loading terminal the finger man merely points casually to the truck chosen for hi-

jacking to indicate that it is loaded and ready to be dispatched. The gang's "spotters" take over from there, passing on the information to the crew assigned to do the job.

The hijacking crew usually consists of three men who trail the truck in an automobile. At an opportune time and place — when the truck stops for a traffic light, perhaps — they drive alongside. Two armed men spring out, leaving a companion at the wheel of their car. Brandishing their revolvers, they order the truck driver out of his cab and into their car, in which he is driven away, under guard. One of the hijackers drives off the truck; the kidnapped driver is released by his captors only after the truck has been unloaded and the truck abandoned.

A simpler method involves stealing the truck at the loading terminal. This is usually accomplished in conspiracy with crooked drivers or other corrupt employees. Sometimes a phony driver appears, shows the proper papers, climbs into the cab of the truck and drives off, as simply as that.

The spotter plays an important part in this type of theft. He stays at the terminal, watching for signs of any commotion which would indicate that the truck has been missed and the alarm given. He maintains telephone contact with the gang's headquarters. Meanwhile another member of the gang follows the stolen truck in his car. He stops every few minutes to check with headquarters by phone. If the alarm is out he quickly over-

takes the stolen truck, passes the word, and the truck is abandoned then and there.

III

The immediate problem after a trucking theft is to unload the merchandise and abandon the empty truck. For this purpose the gang must have a "drop" where the loot can be stored until the fence can arrange for its sale and distribution.

The fence is the key figure in any successful hijacking operation. He knows the market, just what merchandise is in demand, where and at what price. He arranges the sales, often employing his own salesmen in the underworld market. Usually the fence is the middle man between the thieves and the ultimate wholesale or retail buyer, but sometimes the fence is the actual leader of the hijacking gang.

In New York one of the most successful fences is a pudgy, dark, middle-aged man whose "front" is a retail store on the lower East Side. The police know him well. He has a criminal record dating back to 1918. He does business with a well-established gang, the leader of which, up to now, has eluded arrest. It is one of the most efficient hijacking gangs in the city. The leader maintains his headquarters at a certain Manhattan café, where he has a private, unlisted telephone. He employs, all told, about two hundred men, including hijackers, finger men, spotters, bail bondsmen and lawyers.

The fence has no telephone in his "store," but takes messages at a neighboring establishment. If his conversation with the gang leader should by chance be overheard it would sound like an innocent social call:

"Hello," says the gang leader, addressing the fence by his nickname. "How's everything with you?"

"OK," replies the fence. "What are you doing?"

"I got a date to do a little shopping with my girl friend. I'm going to try to buy her some nylons."

This is the tipoff that the hijacker has a load of stockings. Or it may be shirts, suits or other merchandise; whatever it is, the hijacker identifies it in terms of shopping.

The gang leader takes care of any member who is arrested. Bondsmen are always on hand to post cash bail; a lawyer is available to represent the defendant. If the prisoner refuses to talk, he is rewarded with legal help and cash payments. If he shows signs of weakening the leader dispatches armed goons to his home to threaten him. Few talk.

IV

And where, you ask, have the police been all this time? There have been some hijackings suggesting collusion between the gangs and the police. In a certain West Coast city, for example, after a \$30,000 load of liquor was hijacked, the West Coast representative of the insurance company which had underwritten the cargo called his New York office.

"I have been informed," said the representative, "that we can recover that liquor intact if we will place \$10,000 in small bills in a certain hotel room tonight. What are my instructions, please?"

"Do absolutely nothing about it," New York advised. "We can't afford to start that kind of stuff. Even if you could arrange a trap you'd probably end in the gutter somewhere with a couple of slugs in your back. Forget it."

Two days later the liquor was recovered intact from the Police Department of that city.

It is fair to assume that by and large the police are honest. The situation is simply beyond them. Hijacking, police officials point out patiently, is but one phase of a rising crime wave, and they cannot very well devote their entire time to it.

Once a truckload of merchandise has been stolen it is well-nigh impossible to trace it. "In the case of textiles and other goods, the thieves can unload it, sell it, distribute it and the buyers can have it cut and hanging on the racks before we can even get a line on it," one veteran detective complained. "How can you identify it then? Or take liquor, or cigarettes or food products—how can you identify them as being part of any specific hijacking job? Those products have a quick turnover, and no questions asked."

But some of the insurance companies are somewhat cynical. "It has been my experience," one insurance

representative told the writer, "that you have to provide special incentives to the police to insure anything more than routine reports and routine investigation. In other words, anything more than defeatism and indifference. By special incentive, I mean cash rewards or, in some cases, direct cash payments to the police for extra effort, perhaps involving the use of their own cars in an investigation. I do not condone this practice, nor do I condemn it. I cite it only as something that exists. To get results, we have to play it that way. And we are interested only in results."

It is a matter of record that law-enforcement agencies everywhere, including the Federal Bureau of Investigation, regard the sharp rise in hijacking with grave concern. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, said two years ago that "hijacking has gone through the roof. We've got to do something to stop it." The Police Commissioner of New York City, Arthur Wallander, argues the truckers must do something to protect themselves, such as provide more guards or install alarm devices on their trucks.

One of the largest hijacking gangs in the country is believed to have its headquarters in East Harlem. It works exclusively within the confines of this area, waylaying trucks and maintaining drops there. A daylight hijacking occurred in the heart of this district only recently. It was 1:45 P.M. Joseph Massie, driver for the Conboy Trucking Corporation, stopped for a red light at 104th Street and Madison

Avenue, one block from a police precinct station.

The robbery followed the familiar pattern. A black sedan pulled up alongside the truck, two armed men jumped out, ordered Massie and his helper, George Collins, into the car, in which the driver had remained behind the wheel, a gun on the seat beside him. One of the hijackers climbed into the cab of the truck, the other returned to the car to guard the captives. The truck and car rolled off in a swirl of heavy traffic.

The truck driver and his helper were driven around in the sedan until 4 P.M. that day, then released. By this time the truck, which had been loaded with woolens valued at \$37,000, had been emptied and abandoned, indicating that the hijackers had been able to drop the load within an hour and a half after the hijacking.

V

The insurance companies are reluctant to reveal the amounts they pay out on hijacking losses, but one big New York company has admitted that during 1946 it had paid more than \$800,000. The insurance agents, like New York's Police Commissioner, regard the trucking companies as at least partly to blame.

They argue that many thefts are the result of carelessness and inadequate precautions, particularly in checking on employees. It is believed that approximately 85 per cent of all trucking thefts are "inside" jobs, effected in conspiracy with employees

acting as finger men, or with drivers who surrender their trucks according to prearranged plan and then report that they have been hijacked. This is what the police call a "handout."

Many thefts result from carelessness on the part of drivers, who leave ignition keys in the truck while the truck is unattended. Crooked drivers easily obtain duplicate sets of keys, leave one set in the truck for the thieves, then produce the duplicate set as "proof" that the truck was protected.

The truckers admit the truth of some of these charges and are taking steps to clean house. They are setting up internal security divisions, employing additional guards to patrol loading terminals on a twenty-four-hour-day basis, hiring undercover operators and private investigators to work with law-enforcement agencies to track down the thieves. Armed guards are being provided on trucks with especially valuable cargoes, and in some instances additional cars are provided to trail the trucks through danger zones. As a further precaution, Associated Transport has adopted the practice of removing an essential part of the truck motors while trucks are loading at the terminal.

But this provides no protection against petty theftery from trucks at piers and loading terminals, where the thieves concentrate on package and case goods. Here again they are dramatically bold and efficient, snatching merchandise from trucks in broad daylight.

One ring operates in the garment center in midtown Manhattan. A member of the gang, wearing a truck-helper's apron, pushes a handtruck down the street, carrying what appear to be lading papers in his hand. An accomplice spots the truck from which the merchandise is to be stolen. While the driver and his helper are inside a building for a few minutes the accomplice signals his buddy with the handtruck, then leaps into the truck and starts handing down merchandise. The police suspect that the thieves are using two prominent Broadway buildings in that section as temporary drops.

Aside from the loss of millions of dollars in merchandise, hijacking has had a demoralizing effect on honest drivers who have been victimized. Some now flatly refuse to drive into New York City. Take the case of George Rocheford, driver for Associated Transport.

Rocheford was driving his truck into New York from Philadelphia with 5300 pounds of soap. At midnight he stopped for a red light at Pelham Parkway and White Plains Road, near the city line. A gunman jumped on the running board of the truck and entered the cab of the trailer. He shoved the gun against Rocheford's ribs and said: "Drive straight ahead and do just as you are told — if you want to live."

Rocheford drove two blocks and was ordered to turn into a dark side street and stop. Then the gunman directed him to cover his head with a sweater and hustled him into the back of an automobile, where he was forced to lie on the floor. His wallet was taken from him. For half an hour he was driven around, then transferred to a car which remained parked, with Rocheford still huddled on the floor, for two and a half hours. He was then transferred to a third car, driven around for another half hour and released.

"You'll find your truck at Broadway and 180th Street," the hijackers told him. "Now walk straight ahead for ten minutes, and keep that sweater over your head."

Rocheford obeyed, stumbling along in the darkness. When he removed the sweater he found he was in front of the Bronxville Swimming Pool, not more than five blocks from the point where his truck had been hijacked. Later the truck was found just where the hijackers said it would be.

This experience was enough for George Rocheford. He informed his employers that he wouldn't drive into New York again. He would drive to Boston, Atlanta, Chicago — anywhere but New York. He wouldn't live in New York if you gave him the place; he doesn't even think it's a nice place to visit.

NEWS BUTCHERS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

MOST Americans of middle age can recall a time when the news agent on the steam cars was a somewhat dazzling character. He was not as glamorous as the brass-bound conductor, nor was he comparable to the grimy yet godlike personage who had his hand on the throttle of the locomotive and put her through on time. But the news agent did have an appeal to the adolescent that was not to be denied.

A writer who never missed an opportunity to glorify American boys in all walks of life, namely Horatio Alger, Jr., early recognized the news agent as a fit subject for one of his interminable stories, and put him forthwith into *The Erie Train Boy*, a lad who, so it turned out, by hard work and attention to his customers, became wealthy and wound up in his middle years with a fortune and a gold-headed cane. How many boys of the late nineteenth century Alger's deathless work sent seeking news-agent jobs isn't known, but at least two train boys, William A. Brady and Thomas Alva Edison, made good and went on from there to success in other lines.

I cannot learn who was the first peddler of newspapers, magazines,

fruit and tobacco on an American railway train. Not even William A. Eichhorn, secretary of the American News Company, the colossus of news agencies, can tell me. Perhaps he was one Billy Skelly who sold his wares on the cars of the New York & Erie at an early date, later controlled all sales on Erie trains and finally sold out at a thumping good profit to the Union News Company, thus proving beyond doubt that Horatio Alger was right. In any case, the news butchers themselves have been singularly backward in discussing their art in print; perhaps they are like magicians who prefer their public to remain in the dark.

The train newsboy was commonly a worldly character, at least after he had made a run or two on the cars. In the early period he was anywhere from twelve to eighteen years of age. He worked pretty much on his own, or rather his job was a concession and all he made from it was his own; or else he worked on commission for some individual capitalist. (Edison had four or five boys working for him.) Working on commission has a tendency to make a lad hustle, as the phrase has it, and no young Americans of late last century were better known

for their hustling qualities than the train newsboys. The most successful of them were good showmen, alert for every chance to turn an honest or even a partly honest dollar, or dime.

A trainboy had to be quick-witted. Every day he met from one to one thousand people, many of whom would trim him if they could. He quickly grew in shrewdness, and often turned the tables by trimming the would-be trimmers, and many an honest man as well. No few newsboys were brash and cocky, imitating the manners of the more vulgar drummers who were their steadiest customers. With their blue uniforms and brass buttons, and a cap that said "News Agent" on it, the boys felt quite important and looked down with much condescension on all other boys of their age, whom they considered bucolics. By around 1850 at the earliest, the newsboy on the train was a figure of the American railroad world, almost as conventionalized as the brave engineer, the jaunty brakeman, the dignified conductor, or the president with the plug hat and sideburns.

In my own youth the train news butcher was something of a character, at least in Boston & Maine territory. He had the blue suit and the cap with a brass name plate. He smoked cigarettes before the rest of us had got through the cubeb period. He read the *Police Gazette*, which he also sold, and was believed to know about Sex. His voice was commonly of high pitch and great power, and his enunciation

so swift that words were scarcely distinguishable. He waved at farm girls who stood beside barns and well-sweeps, and winked at female passengers of all ages. These things set him apart from other boys, and so did his ability to make change quickly — and not always accurately.

It was firmly believed by my group of boys that news butchers could drink all the soda pop they wanted, free of charge; and eat all the candy and crackerjacks they could hold. This of course was not true, but we believed it and it added to the newsboy's glamor. As if these things were not enough, the butch sometimes helped the conductor to pick up the ticket markers from the clips above the seats; and he was permitted to get off and on the train when it was moving into or out of a station. This he did nonchalantly, as if he were bored slightly at having to get off a train operating at less than forty miles an hour.

II

Collecting first-hand material about the early train butchers proved a difficult task, and it was only with the help of *Railroad Magazine*, an old reliable in its field, that I managed to get in touch with old-time members of the craft. Perhaps the most representative of the group, because of his wide experience, was Forrest O. Hayes, now of Purdy, Mo., who retired on a conductor's pension in 1937, but started his long career on the rails as a news butcher. Hayes lived in

Punxsutawney, Pa., southern terminus of the old Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, now a part of the B. & O., and known locally in its day as the Bums, Robbers & Pickpockets. For his first run in the early nineties, trainboy Hayes put on a brassbound cap that said "News Agent" on it, and mounted the train that ran between Punxsutawney and Bradford, a distance of some 104 miles.

"At that period," Mr. Hayes recalls,

our stock consisted of newspapers, periodicals, books, candy, chewing gum, tobacco and cigars. I never handled cigarettes, or had a call for them. My leading numbers in the literary field were the paper-backs at twenty-five and fifty cents. Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay were far and away the best sellers at twenty-five cents. I found it almost impossible to keep in stock such numbers as *A Mad Betrothal* and *Parted by Fate*. The leading fifty-cent author was Archibald Claverling Gunter and the favorites were *Mr. Barnes of New York* and *Mr. Potter of Texas*.

The magazines we handled at that time were really good — no such trash as clutter the trains and the stands today. We sold *Century*, *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, *McClure's*, *Everybody's*, and *Argosy*. The humorous weeklies were very popular — *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life*. We did not get the *Police Gazette* in my territory.

All experienced butchers of the time had a sideline or two, the profits of which went to the butcher alone. Mr. Hayes' under-the-counter department held several books written by one Albert Ross, all with seductive titles, such as *Stolen Sweets*, *Thou Shalt Not*, and *His Private Character*; and *The Decameron*, even then an

old standby. All of these numbers were contraband, and to be caught with them meant dismissal. Mr. Hayes also recalls that for a period butchers handled an alleged *Fanny Hill*, an out-and-out fake, not so much as a suggestive line in it.

"For these supposedly off-color books," says Mr. Hayes,

we charged \$2.50 or \$3.00 and all butchers were pretty good at holding to market prices. We unloaded the pseudo-erotic stuff largely on lumberjacks around Mount Jewett, who would readily pay the prices we asked. I remember that at Bradford there was a woman, known simply as Madame Stoddard, who operated places of entertainment and relaxation for loggers at Bradford and at Johnsonburg, a paper-mill and tannery town. Her business required Madame to make a trip once a week. She was quite a source of revenue to me, but she never purchased any of the off-color books. She wouldn't even look at them. But how she did love Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay. Often she bought ten or twelve of those titles.

Mr. Hayes recalls the cigars supplied him by the news company as quite dreadful, real stinkers. He refused to sell them to railroadmen, or station agents along the line, or to drummers. For these friends he carried a good line of cigars, selling them at cost as a good-will gesture. He had several lines of chewing tobacco, both plug and fine-cut, for the numerous ruminants of the day. His candy line included glass pistols filled with gum drops. All candy was packaged, and a little box of lemon drops contained, says Hayes, more paper than candy.

Hayes had a pretty good run.

Between Bradford and Punxsutawney we tapped a rich and virgin territory. The south end was busy with coke and coal, then began the timber region that finally terminated in the oil fields around Bradford. Tanneries, papermills, pulpmills, sawmills, and glass works dotted the district. The Swedes who worked in the tanneries bought almost nothing from butchers. Nor did the miners. But the native-born lumberjack was a real spender, perhaps the best of them all, especially when he had taken aboard a load of Bradford liquor. But he had to be handled with care or he'd start a riot.

Pennsylvania farmers, whether "Dutch" or otherwise, were poor spenders. The York state farmers were also notoriously thrifty. I had a run for a while on the New York Central from Rochester to Syracuse and many a round-trip *grossed* less than one dollar in sales. I got a transfer from the Central as quick as I could.

Over the years, news butchers developed, like any other trade, a number of methods to increase profits. A favorite stunt was to have on hand a big supply of pennies and the large two-cent pieces then current; and then, while selling a newspaper to a passenger who had passed out a quarter or a fifty-cent piece, to start doling out the coppers. When the customer saw what was going on, likely as not he'd say to keep the change. But it was on the excursions that the lads planned for a killing.

A popular excursion place was the Kinzu Viaduct, near Mount Jewett, said to have been the highest bridge in the United States. Ten-car excursion trains were run there in summer and were so lucrative that the senior news butchers always bid them in. In addition to the usual wares supplied

by the news company, the butchers always had some of their own stuff along, including a few barrels of alleged lemonade, set up in the baggage car. This was a concoction made of plenty of water, a sizable dose of tartaric acid, and a few lemons for looks. Just before the long train pulled out, says Mr. Hayes, the butcher would make certain that all the water coolers were drained dry. Then he would break out the salted peanuts and take them through the train, gloating to see the kids, and often their parents, going all out for the throat-parching stuff. By the time Hayes was on the way back to the baggage car from the salted-peanuts trip, the youngsters would be yelling for water. The water coolers gave out not one drop, but Hayes and his buddies were right on the job with their dilution of tartaric acid, and it went down the hatch by the gallon. One such excursion netted Hayes a private profit of \$79.

Butch Hayes thoroughly enjoyed the life, but it was getting him nowhere. In 1898 he entered train service and spent the next forty years on the rails. He has wondered, as have I, why no news butcher has ever set down his life and times in a book.

Nor is there anything even approaching a satisfactory account of the inception and rise of what is now the American News Company, which "Covers a Continent." In a fat, handsome brochure the company published in 1944, for its eightieth birthday, a mere nineteen lines of text serves to

relate the concern's long history. Today it has nearly four hundred branches in the United States and Canada and supplies ninety thousand retailers, many of them train butchers, with wares. The brochure displays portraits of The Founders, seven in number, who were George Dexter, Henry Dexter, Solomon W. Johnson, John E. Tousey, John Hamilton, Sinclair Tousey, and Patrick Farrelly.

From various sources, including Secretary Eichhorn of American News, I learned that the company was organized in 1864 by a merger of the three largest news agencies then in business. Only one of The Founders, Farrelly, had served as a train butcher. Farrelly did this on the Philadelphia & Reading, and with such success that he quickly saved enough cash to set himself up as a wholesaler. He was a stripling of twenty-three when he sold out to — and became an official of — American News. Incidentally, it appears to have been an Englishman, a Mr. Whitmore, who first had the idea of supplying all newspapers and magazines in one package to retailers. He started such a business in New York in 1842. Two years later the idea had spread, and at least a dozen similar agencies were active.

III

Doubtless a lot of the stuff supplied to news butchers in times past was shoddy — cheap imitations of standard products. But I recall a kind of checkerberry wafer sold by agents on the Maine Central and the Boston &

Maine that was the finest ever made, or so it seemed to boys of my time. They came rolled in brilliant purple paper and were so strong as to bite the tongue, pleasantly, especially when consumed along with the smoke and car gas common to steam trains of the era. Glass revolvers filled with candies, mentioned by ex-butcher Hayes, were apparently a standard item of American News. I don't seem to recall seeing them elsewhere than on trains or in depots. Another popular number never seen outside news-butcher territory was a glass switchman's lantern filled with a tasteless hard candy.

My own memory of the extra-curricular items handled by butchers — items unsponsored and unknown to the company — was of a plain, sealed package which the butch said was "The Paris Package," which contained matter described as "snappy." This package cost one dollar, a tremendous sum, and it was not to be opened until one got off the train, for, the butch said, if he were caught selling such lascivious material he would be sent to the state prison for life. On opening the package, the gull would find six postcards depicting scenes of a *partially* disrobed woman who was patently going to bed alone.

Yet some of the butchers must have handled real "hot stuff" — on the side, of course — for I knew a hired man on a farm who returned to northern Vermont from a trip to Boston with a copy of *Only A Boy*, which he had purchased on the train and which, in no mealy-mouthed fashion,

described the love life of an amorous young man whose abilities compared favorably with those of Frank Harris and One-Eyed Riley.

There was nothing lewd in the paperbacks of Thomas W. Jackson, the man who "libeled the great states of Arkansas and Missouri," to quote a favorite charge against him. Since around 1903 Jackson's books have probably been the most consistent sellers in the literature peddled by train butchers. How many copies of his *On a Slow Train through Arkansas* and *Through Missouri on a Mule* have been sold in the steam cars is beyond knowing. Jackson collected all the old minstrel gags about slow trains and hung them one and all on lines in Arkansas. To term his humor broad is a ridiculous understatement; present-day radio comics would find it perfect for their purposes, since it was about as subtle as what Mr. Bones said to Mr. Interlocutor.

For more than forty years, butchers have peddled the Jackson books on trains all over the country. Arkansas, at least, finally felt the need to combat their influence. In August 1946, Mr. Glenn A. Green, publicity director of the Development Commission of the state, sent a letter to newspaper editors throughout the United States calling attention to an article about Arkansas in a current magazine, which Mr. Green said was "a fair exposition of Arkansas." He added that "For

more than a century Arkansas has been the victim of adverse publicity" because of "such writers as Opie Read and Thomas W. Jackson. Even today, laughing at Arkansas is a popular, national pastime."

Of late years the news agents on trains, though not as numerous as they were thirty and forty years ago, still handle Jackson's books and also carry much the same standard fare that has proved solid merchandise for almost a century — newspapers, periodicals, cigars, candy, and of course cigarettes. They also carry a few numbers not seen in the old days, among them a truly ghastly line of pillow tops, the gaudiest things ever beheld, depicting vivid scenes of mountains, rivers, flags, entwined hearts, and Mother, Good Old Mom; and legends and poems of profuse sentimentality. I hope these atrocities will sell well and long, as I believe they will. I trust the butchers themselves will continue to flourish, both on the branch lines and the main runs. A passenger train without a butcher lacks the last connection with the trains of the great days. The gas and cinders have gone from the cars, the red plush is going fast, even the locomotive whistle is dying in the obscene mutterings of the Diesel engine. Let the butchers remain. May they ride the steam cars until the last steam engine has gone to the boneyard and the last rail has been pulled up.

LOUIS BRANDEIS: PEOPLE'S ATTORNEY..

BY ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON

THE phrase "Holmes and Brandeis dissenting" has long stood as a verbal symbol for the great progressive crusade of the early twentieth century. Yet these two giants of American liberalism — Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis D. Brandeis — differed greatly in their origins and temperament and in their methods and philosophy. Holmes was a Boston Brahmin, the son of an aristocrat; Brandeis was the son of a Jewish immigrant; Holmes was unconcerned about facts, but loved to generalize; Brandeis was a stickler for facts and a master of statistics; Holmes was a self-styled "enlightened skeptic," abjuring all causes, nostrums and creeds; Brandeis was an incurable optimist and a militant crusader.

Because Brandeis conforms to no pattern, critics (including some friendly ones) have not been quite sure what place to assign him in the liberal constellation, or indeed whether he belongs in it at all. The Justice called himself simply a democrat — with a

small "d." He campaigned for "good causes" without regard to political categories: no formal party organization could count on his unqualified allegiance. He supported Theodore Roosevelt and in 1908 voted for Taft, anticipating that the latter would be a "good President, rather of the Cleveland type." But in 1912 Brandeis campaigned actively for La Follette, and later switched to Wilson. He was "100 per cent" for Herbert Hoover in 1920, and bitterly deplored the Old Guard's choice of Harding and Coolidge, which he called "a sad story of American political irresponsibility."

Brandeis began his professional and public career just as the free-enterprise system was beginning to crystallize into a structure of corporate and super-corporate monopoly. Labor awakened and organized; populist and socialist movements had their fleeting hour. For the evils of industrialism, reformers sought corrective legislation, and Brandeis promptly aligned himself on the

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popular side. He tried to block the "inevitable" trend toward bigness and monopoly, holding both to be inimical to efficiency, individualism, true laissez-faire and democracy — to be heading the nation toward precisely what capitalists professed a desire to avoid, *i.e.*, socialism. His critics then denounced him as a "traitor to his class," a "destroyer of property values," a "rabble-rouser," and a "professional agitator," posing as a champion of the people in order to win notoriety and large fees.

The evening of Brandeis' judicial career came in the decade of the thirties, when Roosevelt's New Deal was supposed to win for all men the more abundant life — what later became known as the Four Freedoms. While strongly sympathizing with such noble purposes, and though he was deeply involved in certain New Deal efforts to implement them, Brandeis was certainly no 100 per cent New Dealer. He joined in setting aside the NIRA and other Roosevelt measures, and publicly doubted whether such grandiose plans and fallible planners could promote more genuine freedom and self-government. Indeed, at the very peak of New Deal power and glory, his letters to personal friends exhibited the same degree of hostility toward bigness and unrestrained power in government that he had earlier expressed toward industrial giantism. "What do they [New Deal administrators] know about the practical problems of business?" he asked. As he continued to reaffirm

his faith in little men and little institutions, and continued to express distrust of the uncommon man, even erstwhile friends accused him of clinging to obsolete views and wishing to turn the clock back.

After Brandeis died, on October 5, 1941, all doubt and misgiving completely vanished. He was then seen as "truly cast in the American mold, deeply, even mystically, infused with the American spirit," as having charted his course "between laissez-faire and étatism — between social chaos and Leviathan." All joined in praising his "unqualified faith in the civic and moral worth of the individual."

II

How did Brandeis himself appraise his rôle in latter-day social and political struggles? What is the true measure of his statesmanship? In the confused panorama of forces that marked the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Brandeis was impressed, as most top-notch corporation lawyers were not, by the manner in which industrial magnates had successfully annexed the bar. "Instead of holding a position of independence, between the wealthy and the people, prepared to curb the excesses of either, able lawyers have [he wrote in 1905] to a large extent allowed themselves to become adjuncts of great corporations and have neglected the obligations to use their powers for the protection of the people." Brandeis' environment and

the character of his practice seemed calculated to develop in him this same sort of professional servitude. His practice was uncommonly lucrative, and for a while he was considered entirely acceptable in high financial and professional circles, as well as among Boston's social and intellectual élite. Rapidly growing in wealth and prestige, a millionaire by 1907, a millionaire twice over in 1915, Brandeis drew his clients from the ranks of big business, from the United Shoe Machinery Company, the New York, New Haven Railroad and the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Surely no one could reasonably accuse him of unfriendliness toward capitalists in particular or toward the capitalist system in general.

Brandeis early turned his attention to charity and "good causes," but such effort was conventional and did not distinguish him from other successful, public-spirited lawyers. It was not until he appeared in 1897 before the Bay State legislature to urge that Boston Traction interests be curbed in their drive for monopoly and privilege that he became suspect. When he served without a retainer on behalf of the public, his friends for the first time dubbed him "the people's attorney."

After 1897 he began to take up various public causes, and was usually, though not always, on the side of the consumer and labor. In due course he was denounced as a radical and a socialist, but Brandeis himself interpreted his function as truly con-

servative. "The next generation," he observed in 1905,

must witness a continuing and ever-increasing conflict between those who have and those who have not. The industrial world is in a state of ferment. The ferment is in the main peaceful, and, to a considerable extent silent, but there is felt today very widely the inconsistency in this condition of political democracy and industrial absolutism. The people are beginning to doubt whether in the long run democracy and absolutism can co-exist in the same community, beginning to doubt whether there is justification for the great inequalities in the distribution of wealth, for the rapid creation of fortunes more mysterious than the deeds of Aladdin's lamp. The people have begun to think; and they show evidence on all sides of a tendency to act.

The bar's prestige had declined, Brandeis believed, not through any lack of social usefulness, but through failure to respond to an imperative public obligation. "We hear much of the 'Corporation lawyer,'" he remarked, "and far too little of the 'people's lawyer.' The great opportunity of the American bar is and will be to stand again as it did in the past, ready to protect also the interests of the people." While other eminent lawyers devoted themselves, as Brandeis himself said, mainly or even solely to advancing and safeguarding the interests of wealth, he made the people's interests his own.

Brandeis did not set out deliberately to antagonize individual or corporate clients, or to undermine capitalistic enterprise, or to crusade

solely for the under-dog. As long as it was a matter of defending one corporation against another, where the lawyers on the two sides were reasonably well matched, he was content to practice law in the conventional way, believing that "the judge or jury will ordinarily make such a decision as justice demands." But when a corporation achieved enough power to end competition, or hold labor, or the consumer, or the public helplessly in its grip, "a very different question presents itself." Under these circumstances one could not fairly assume that the "two sides are reasonably well matched," or that a decision will be reached such "as justice demands."

III

Brandeis' position is to be distinguished from that of conventionally-minded lawyers and judges like David J. Brewer, William Howard Taft and George Sutherland, on the one hand, and liberals like Holmes, on the other. Unlike some front-rank reactionaries, he did not brush aside the prevailing social unrest as an outcropping of mass iniquity, to be put down harshly by prompt use of "law." Nor can his position be precisely identified with that of Justice Holmes. Brandeis believed, as Holmes did not, that human betterment can be furthered by constructive social and political action. Brandeis was impressed, as both Holmes and the reactionaries were not, by the quality of thinking then being done by

working men. Many of them, he said, talked about the labor question "far more intelligently than some of the most educated men in the community." He also foresaw, as early as 1905, that "immense wealth would in time develop a hostility from which *much trouble will come to us* unless the excesses of capital are curbed." [Italics inserted.] "Our country," he warned, "is, after all, not a country of dollars, but of ballots; the working men must in a comparatively short time realize the power which lies in them."

In short, Brandeis saw the rise of popular power and trade unionism as the natural outcome of a changing social order; power was moving from the few to the many. Statesmanship, if wise, would not try to freeze privilege and indiscriminately thwart change; nor was it safe to stand aloof from the struggle (as Holmes was inclined to do), and assume that society would solve its own problems. In this great change lay the signal opportunity for those who practiced law — "the richest field," as Brandeis put it, "for those who wish to serve the people." It lay within their power to determine the course of social and political action — "whether it is to be expressed temperately or wildly and intemperately; whether it is to be expressed in lines of evolution or in lines of revolution."

Believing this, Brandeis left the beaten track of trust-belt lawyers, not to battle solely for "the people" (in the sense of the under-dog), or to

abet radicalism in undermining time-honored institutions. On the contrary, he interpreted his function as putting "a brake on democracy," as safeguarding society against blind change as well as blind opposition to change. His was the constructive task of canalizing natural human aspirations for freedom along the lines of law and orderly progress.

Brandeis was usually on the progressive side. He thought of himself as a reformer, but he should be distinguished from the run-of-the-mill variety. He did not set forth with fire and sword to attain the millennium. Taking men for what they are, not for what they should be, he confined himself to specific, compassable problems. He dealt with particular evils at given times and places, as they came to light in the natural course of his law practice. Unlike the raucous muckrakers then flourishing, he was not content merely to expose and deplore. For known wrongs he proposed a remedy, and worked systematically and tenaciously toward its achievement.

IV

Brandeis was never blindly critical of capitalism. He never upbraided capitalists as such. He condemned only their excesses, foreseeing that "the greatest factors making for communism, socialism, or anarchy among a free people are the excesses of capital. The talk of the agitators does not advance socialism a step. The great captains of industry and finance

... are the chief makers of socialism."

Thus Brandeis would safeguard capitalists against self-inflicted wounds. Far from seeking to introduce socialism, he believed so strongly in private property that he wanted to see it more equitably diffused among the masses of men. He valued private capital so highly that he would make it available to independent entrepreneurs in their own community, rather than have it monopolized and controlled by an absentee money trust. He had such respect for profits that he would enlarge them by scientific management, so that the share of all — workers, management and stockholders — might be greater.

Similarly Brandeis saw trade unions as institutions creative of human freedom. But he never condoned their self-defeating wrongs and abuses. "Society gains nothing," he said, "in substituting the tyranny of labor for the tyranny of capital." "I should not rely," he once observed, "on the goodness of heart of anybody. Nobody ought to be absolute. Everybody ought to be protected from arbitrariness and wrong decisions by the representatives of others who are being affected." Men must share both power and responsibility, he maintained, because unchecked power inevitably shrivels character; widely-shared responsibility energizes and liberates them.

Brandeis' methods and his philosophy forced him beyond the law and into life itself. His belief that man's

failure to solve today's problems accentuates and complicates tomorrow's, that it narrows the range of alternatives open to society, forced him to take a resolute stand in favor of social control as against the anarchy of private economic power and greed.

"How can you be so sure," a friend once asked him, "that a particular line of action is the right one?" "When you are 51 per cent sure that you are right," he replied, "then go ahead." And go ahead he did, and on many fronts. His knowledge and vision would not allow him to rest on "formula, that prolonged, means death."

Nor could he find ease in Holmes' citadel of "enlightened skepticism." What set Brandeis apart from all his contemporaries was a moral intensity born of certain knowledge. Unlike many lawyers and judges, he had a precise awareness of the social realities out of which unrest and corrective legislation emerge. Thus reactionary judges might oppose legislation because "we do not believe in the policy underlying it"; the liberal Holmes might uphold it because it was not prohibited by the constitution. Brandeis, on the other hand, would base his decision on whether or not it conformed to certain standards of social justice.

It was not that others failed to value the path of progress hit upon by Brandeis. Holmes, for example, expressed unqualified admiration for "the man of statistics and the master of economics," who he was sure was

"the man of the future." "Every lawyer," Holmes said, "ought to seek an understanding of economics." There should be no "slackening in the pursuit of the more exact," and yet in that pursuit Holmes himself could not join. He liked to speculate about ways of improving his mind and once, toward the end of the 1919 court session, Brandeis told him how he could do it. "Why don't you try something new?" Brandeis suggested. "Study some domain of fact. Take up the textile industries in Massachusetts, and after reading the reports sufficiently you can go to Lawrence and get a human notion of how it really is." "I hate facts," Holmes observed, in relating the incident to Sir Frederick Pollock.

I always say that the chief end of man is to form general propositions — adding that no general proposition is worth a damn. Of course, a general proposition is simply a string for the facts and I have little doubt that it would be good for my immortal soul to plunge into them, good also for the performance of my duties, but I shrink from the bore — or rather I hate to give up the chance to read this and that, that a gentleman should have read before he dies.

While Holmes read and re-read the philosophers Hobbes and Plato, Brandeis "quarried in the hard rock of reality." He learned facts about the accumulating evils of unemployment, facts about the abuses of industrial life insurance, facts about the paralyzing effects of long hours, low wages and improper working conditions.

And he did more than amass factual ammunition about specific wrongs; he went out on the firing line, fought for specific remedies, and often won them.

Thus, one of the secrets of Brandeis' great power and influence was his prowess as the "man of statistics and the master of economics." Yet his impact on the social and judicial process was perhaps less than usually supposed. For it is never possible to assemble all the facts on any particular problem, and so long as any data is unaccounted for, there is room for doubt as to the course which all the facts would dictate. Facts thus proved to be a double-edged sword, sometimes providing reactionary lawyers and judges with but one more weapon — their own facts, picked and polished — with which to strike down offensive legislation. In 1923 Justice Sutherland recognized this difficulty when he found all supporting data in one case "interesting but only mildly persuasive. These are all proper enough," he said, "for the consideration of the lawmaking bodies, since their tendency is to establish the desirability or undesirability of the legislation; but they reflect no legitimate light upon the question of its validity."

V

Like his reactionary colleagues, Brandeis was inclined by the pressures of his nature to translate his own economic and social views into the constitution. What he wanted was a

society of individuals, self-sustaining, self-respecting and free, whose institutional arrangements would enlist the participation and enlarge the responsibilities of ordinary men. "The development of the individual is, thus, a necessary means and the end sought," he declared. "Success in any democratic undertaking must proceed from the individual. His development is attained mainly in the process of common living."

Democracy, he felt, was both serious and difficult, but not impossible. "Refuse to accept as inevitable any evil," he implored. "But do not believe that you can find a universal remedy. . . . And do not pin too much faith in legislation. . . . Remember that progress is necessarily slow; that remedies are necessarily tentative; that because of varying conditions there must be much and constant inquiry into facts, and much experimentation."

Brandeis recognized that facts, however voluminous, can provide no final solution for insoluble problems. Yet they often narrow areas of disagreement, and thereby facilitate effective action. They also create a sharper sense of the questions to be asked, of the method to be followed. "Courts know today," Judge Cardozo observed in 1923, "that statutes are to be viewed, not in isolation or *in vacuo*, as abstract principles for the guidance of an ideal community, but in the setting and framework of present-day conditions as revealed by the labors of economists and social

sciences in our own country and abroad." In establishing this principle, Brandeis made a contribution equalled by none of his colleagues. At a time when the constitution had become for reactionary judges an embalming fluid of status quo, it was for Brandeis a fiery sword of freedom. At a time when Justice Holmes was speaking of our fundamental law as embodying no particular economic theory, Brandeis had stated that the crucial issue was reconciling our political democracy with industrial absolutism. Holmes' liberalism was the product of a rare open-mindedness at a time when most industrial and political leaders remained singularly obtuse. He discerned the stubborn negativism which

was born of privilege, no less than the blinding zeal of "upward and onward fellows" — surely no small achievement.

Brandeis' statesmanship, on the other hand, must be measured in terms of stands taken and things done. Even as a Supreme Court Justice, he remained the crusader, the "moral teacher," demonstrating a belief that man does have a considerable measure of control over his own destiny, maintaining to the very end that, given knowledge, leadership, participation, and persistence, man can lay the foundations for a closer approach than was ever thought possible to the ideal of an enlarging liberty through a living law.

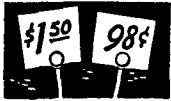
MY LOVE

BY LEONA AMES HILL

My love was never a roof above your head,
Nor ever a coat to keep you from the rain,
Nor food to still your hunger, nor a bed
To rest your weariness, nor balm for pain:
My love is petal frail and mountain strong;
Kisses not kissed and words not said; the stone
Sharp ache of dreams the heart knows when the long
Black shadow of the night lies dark and lone
Across the far hills on the feather grasses;
My love is still wind in the evening trees;
Brief songs and bitter music, frail as glass is,
Frail as the dew: yet more and less than these —
In essence hard as an athlete waiting trial,
Being nourished on the stern bread of denial.

The right foods  can

mean better health! But remember, appetite and taste are not always the best guides to a good diet. Neither is cost,



for some families that spend a

lot on food are not as well nourished as those who spend less—but choose more wisely.



Today, medical science



is

using food to help in fighting certain physical conditions, such as diabetes,

overweight  and high blood pressure. Eating the *right amount* of the *right foods* every day can mean *better health and a happier life for you!*

Choose foods to meet the body's needs!

Daily needs in nearly every normal diet include milk or cheese, meat, fish or poultry, vegetables, fruits, cereals or breads, fats, and sweets. You should also drink 4 to 8 glasses of water a day.

How much of each food you should eat for a well-balanced diet depends on your age, your physical condition, and the kind of work you do. Ask your doctor about your own health requirements, and be sure your diet includes all of the essential food elements in the proper amounts.

When and how you eat are nearly as important as what you eat. Have your meals at regular times. Eat them slowly and enjoy them—for a happy, peaceful atmosphere is helpful to good digestion

and good health.

To help guide your choice of foods for a healthy diet, and to help you get the most good from the food you buy, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's helpful booklet, 47-L, entitled, "Three Meals A Day."

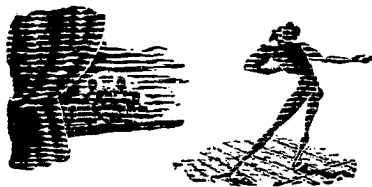
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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



SOME PLAYS AND SOME PLAYWRIGHTS

Servicemen Plays. — Our returned servicemen seem determined, and very understandably, to write plays about themselves and their fellows. The plays are usually found to be of two sorts: (1) those in which the protagonist upon his return home in the flesh seeks to orient and re-establish himself and discovers to his disgust that conditions, despite the war, have not only not improved but deteriorated and that the forces of evil are still operating in the land; and (2) those in which he returns as a uniformed ghost and finds much the same thing or, if the playwright thinks he can ultimately persuade a producer to hire a little off-stage music, learns wistfully that life is for the living and that, though his old friends remember him with affection, he must be content to remain a spook.

Good vs. Evil Plays. — The Good versus Evil play, which has again been with us, on the other hand usually as-

sumes one of three forms. In the first, the Morality variations, the forces of Good and Evil are symbolized respectively as a blonde in a white dress named Virtue and as a brunet male in a black ensemble named either Vice or Wickedness. In the second, those of a poetic flavor, Good and Evil are cast in the respective persons of a medium-size, bandy-legged, milk-fed actor in a fair, curly wig whose persistently pure love for the heroine would, if she were normal and not merely the routine cardboard figure, bore her to death before the second act was half over, and a tall, tubercular basso profundo with painted red ears and a couple of cowlicks who, if the management is not too economical, at several points in the evening is elaborately projected up onto the stage through a trapdoor illuminated by a crimson gelatine slide. In the third, or later day version, Good is represented by a character with some such ordinary modern name as Jones, or perhaps vaguely The Stranger, and who with needful box-office caution is implied to be the Lord Almighty Himself,

and Evil by another, similarly christened, who with no such necessary caution is heaved at the audience as Satan. I refer, of course, to the white drama. In the plays performed by Negroes there is no call for any such prudence in the picturing of the Deity, since audiences are disposed to accept as childishly innocent, artless and inoffensive anything that Negroes may do under such circumstances.

Lillian Hellman. — It seems to me that Miss Hellman's primary weakness as a dramatist is her tendency too often to confound italic capitals with strength of emotional expression. She drives emotion into her characters with a melodramatic sledge-hammer instead of allowing it naturally and forcibly to be driven out of themselves. She is in a way, particularly in her latest play, *Another Part Of The Forest*, an Edgar Bergen with a cast of Charlie McCarthys, all painted in violent hues and all equipped with shrieking sirens. She has her virtues in intelligence, honesty, a simple and direct prose, and a keen sense of isolated dramatic episode. It is her greatest fault that she now and again rushes precipitantly at drama instead of craftily stalking it. It thus sometimes just stands there scared, and in its scare becomes hysterical. And its net effect on any intelligent auditor is like a hollowed-out, illumined, glaring Hallowe'en pumpkin, hypothetically frightening but only childishly agitating.

It may be possible, in Mr. Atkin-

son's ironically exact description, to offer "a witches' brew of blackmail, insanity, cruelty, theft, torture, insult, drunkenness, with a trace of incest thrown in for good measure" and one in which, as he says, "there is hardly a moment when someone is not bellowing at someone else in a very bad temper indeed" and when "patricide and matricide and fratricide are apparently only a few years further back in history, in case Miss Hellman ever takes up the next earlier generation of Hubbard footpads." But such witches' brews miss their efficacy when the ingredients are not stirred with poetic imagination and majestic dramaturgy. Miss Hellman unfortunately uses a stick of dynamite as her swizzle.

George Kelly. — When the discussion turns to writers of polite comedy, someone is usually pretty certain to defend his particular favorite with the observation that he understands women better than any of his rivals. In the late 1890s and early 1900s, it was Clyde Fitch who often benefited by the argument. A little later on, it was Avery Hopwood, and then it was Vincent Lawrence, and then it was S. N. Behrman. It strikes me, however, that only one of these four has understood women so well as, for example, the late Arthur Richman did in the years immediately past, or as George Kelly still does.

Fitch was plausible on the subject, but his female characters were mostly less women than actresses merely playing them. It was for well-known

actresses that he commercially tailored his plays and in the tailoring his characters naturally absorbed many of the superficial characteristics of the actresses themselves. Fitch generally saw his women as so many female box-office treasurers and ticket sellers. The heroines of his *Thoroughbred*, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, *Her Own Way*, and *Her Great Match* were thus not distinct characters but one and all Maxine Elliott. And, even apart from comedy, she remained the heroine of *Nathan Hale*. So, further, was it in the cases of the comedies he tailored for Clara Bloodgood (*The Way of the World*, in part, and *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, *The Coronet of the Duchess*, and *The Truth*), for Ethel Barrymore (*Captain Jinks* and *Her Sister*), for Amelia Bingham, Mary Mannering, and others, certainly including in his last years the young actress Ruth Maycliffe whom he and Charles Cherry unsuccessfully tried to build up and for whom he carpentered *Girls* and *The Bachelor*.

Hopwood, whom I knew well in our early post-college days in New York, once said to me, "The difference between us is that you have respect for the theatre; I haven't; I look on it only as a means toward gratifying my love of money." He was an astute and skilful comedy writer of the second rank but, when it came to women characters, he was either unacquainted with the sex or as cagily dishonest as Fitch. In these later times, Behrman, a comedy writer greatly superior to both, indicates

also a superior equipment for dealing with female characters, but his, too, though he is, it seems, completely honest, waywardly appear to be dieted in perceptible part on greasepaint.

Richman showed a penetration of female character infinitely deeper than either Fitch or Hopwood, and relatively deeper than Behrman. To any skeptic, I recommend a comparative study of such of his comedies as *Heavy Traffic*, *The Awful Truth*, *The Far Cry*, *A Proud Woman*, and *The Season Changes*. But apt as Richman was, he did not, save in certain details, capture the essence of his females quite so fully as Kelly has. The latter's psychological insight rounds out where Richman often simply sketched — sketched impressively but nonetheless merely sketched.

In *Craig's Wife*, *Behold the Bridegroom*, and *The Deep Mrs. Sykes*, Kelly has plumbed more profoundly than either Richman or Behrman. In even such of his weaker efforts as *Daisy Mame*, *Maggie the Magnificent*, and *Reflected Glory* traces of his cunning are not absent.

Kelly's only real competitor in the fifty-year span considered — the previous years disclosed little or nothing — has been the lately deceased Vincent Lawrence aforesaid. This Lawrence, above every other American writer of comedy except Kelly, indicated a perception of the female sex that none of his predecessors and but one of his contemporaries approaches, and I am not too sure that

that perception at times was not superior to Kelly's. In comedies like *Sour Grapes*, *Two Married Men*, *A Distant Drum*, and *Among the Married* he at least equalled in their own especial department even his French coetaneians. Now that he is no longer part of the comedy scene, Kelly accordingly takes over the lead. In his latest, *The Fatal Weakness*, though it is considerably below his best level, there is again evidence of his skill. An intelligent and droll fellow, his comedies measurably outdistance most of the contemporary English.

Moss Hart. — In his most recent flirtation with the box-office, *Christopher Blake*, Mr. Hart's emotional grand larceny stops at nothing. Resorting to the device of showing alternately the judge's chambers and court-room in which divorce proceedings are in motion and scenes picturing the incidental imaginings of the divorcing couple's young son, he runs the hokum gamut from the father's and mother's grief-laden conferences with the child to the latter's tearful prayer in church for a reprieve from his unhappiness, and from episodes in a poor house from which the parents are to be evicted by the cruel superintendent to the time-honored agonized cry of the child, "I didn't ask to be born!" And all staged with those long pauses between speeches and that physical slow motion on the part of the leading actors which are supposed to heighten the sense of their inner torture. In only one detail

does he depart from such exhibits' routine, and that is in not finally reuniting the separated couple in their child's interest. Yet even here one has the feeling that the business has been offered less because the husband and wife would honestly conduct themselves as they do — the wife's antecedent comportment with her son suggests that she would listen to her husband's plea to return to him — than because of an eye to theatrical novelty and surprise. In the family crisis which Mr. Hart pictures, as in many such human crises, people often have a way of acting conventionally and not like O. Henry.

The play in its judge's chamber and court-room scenes is substantially still another version of the kind of gallery drama popular in the theatre of past decades, and in its scenes of the child's fancy owes some debt to a variety of plays ranging from Eleanor Gates' *The Poor Little Rich Girl* to F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Vegetable* and from others like Hauptmann's *Hannele* to the famous old extravaganza, *The Magic Doll*. Though, furthermore, we are assured that the psychological aspects of the child's flights of imagination have been passed upon and endorsed by Mr. Hart's corps of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, I am not persuaded that a child whose theatregoing had necessarily been limited to the contemporary playhouse would visualize himself as an actor in the long ago, elegant, cape-swinging tradition of Richard Mansfield or Leo Ditrichstein, or that, at

his innocent age, he would be more greatly impressed by Hamlet than by any other stage character, or, in another direction, that he would be likely to imagine himself committing suicide immediately after receiving the nation's highest honor from the President of the United States in person. Such things, unless I am severely mistaken, smack much more of Broadway playwriting than true psychoanalysis.

It is thus that a play and produc-

tion involving five revolving stages and a huge cast at an expense of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars fail so far as I am concerned to accomplish any slightest comparable effect to such infinitely simpler and more reputable plays on much the same basic theme as Brioux's *Suzette* and *The Deserter*, Atlas' *Wednesday's Child*, or, certainly, Strindberg's *The Link*. All that Mr. Hart's exhibit sums up to is emotional boogie-woogie on a gilt piano.

PHRASE ORIGINS — 12

ONE FOR THE BOOK: *When a friend approaches with an outré or incredible anecdote, he often prefaces it with the remark: "Here's one for the book." Many lexicographers and philologists have been puzzled by the phrase, and some have attempted to explain it on the basis of a metaphorical assumption that one is collecting or noting down esoteric material, i.e., gathering material for a book. There is now reason to believe, however, that the phrase derives from the argot of the racetrack gambler, that it is an elliptical form of "one for the end book."* Before pari-mutuel betting machines were used at racetracks, it was customary for the bookmakers to line up in some designated area. A sort of order of seniority was observed, with each newcomer taking his place at the end of the line and working up. When a bookmaker was consulted by a bettor who wanted higher odds than the bookie could give without "dutching" his book, he sometimes passed him on to a colleague who was giving better odds on that particular horse. If a bettor asked unusually high odds, the bookie might comment, "Here's one for the end book," implying that no one but a green newcomer, hard up for bets, would accept those odds. By extension, the expression became common as a means to denote skepticism, and it is still so used in the betting fraternity. When it passed out of gambling circles, it became a useful but rather vague metaphor to outsiders, who dropped the meaningless "end," while "book" came to resume its conventional meaning. "One for the book" is one of the many phrases in our language which have pulled themselves up by the bootstraps to achieve universal usage as well as respectability.

DAVID W. MAURER

BIBLE OF THE WOMEN'S WEAR TRADE

BY DONALD B. ROBINSON

WHAT is known on Seventh Avenue in New York City as the "women's wear" trade — "feminine apparel" in more genteel terminology — is big business even by American standards. Last year its volume of business, if one included "accessories" with "women's wear," was \$6.5 billions, which ranks it \$200 million above automobile manufacturing and several billions above petroleum refining.

The mouthpiece, mirror and bible of this industry is *Women's Wear Daily*, a trade paper without peer (or competitor). It is housed in an old rickety six-story building on East Thirteenth Street, not far, incidentally, from the offices of the *Daily Worker*. *Women's Wear* is the star of the Fairchild publishing empire, the founder of which the *Jewish Daily Forward* once dubbed "the gentile king of the Jews." The Fairchild enterprises are not small potatoes by any journalistic standards: nine hundred employees in New York City and more than three hundred correspondents elsewhere in the United States and abroad.

There are few newspapers in the country which have so direct an influence on American mores as has *Women's Wear*. American women buy the clothes offered them by the stores; the stores buy the styles that their executives read about in *Women's Wear Daily*. Like *Variety*, the newspaper of entertainment, *Women's Wear* is read with religious devotion by the members of the trade it caters to. Its subscription list includes 19,059 manufacturers and wholesalers and 22,001 retailers, few of whom, it may be assumed, care that the paper is written in a style that would never pass muster at any school of journalism.

II

Women's Wear Daily appears five days a week. Tabloid size, it varies from 52 to 128 pages in bulk; about 60 per cent of its space appears to be given over to leggy and/or busty advertisements of new dresses, brassières or girdles. The editorial matter provides excited accounts of new fashions, dollars-and-cents reports of department-store sales, items on newly-appointed and newly-fired store executives, and

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reports of developments in Washington which affect the apparel trades. Included on the editorial side also are daily lists of out-of-town buyers on visits to New York and the not unrelated theatre reviews of Kelcy Allen, dean of Broadway drama critics.

A typical issue features such page-one headlines as: "Buyers Cold to Prices at Home Goods Market"; "FTC Upholds Apparel Trade Ad Allowances"; and "Congress Gets First Bill on Inflammability." A Presidential message to Congress rates smaller type: "Truman Asks Small Business Aid, Controls on Monopolies." Inside pages are topped by five-column streamers: "Jacket Individuality Highlight of Spring Suits" and "Wardrobe Items to Spark Maternity Stocks." Other principal stories, with pictures, proclaim the news that Mr. Herman Hirsch has resigned as General Merchandise Manager of Wilbur Rogers, Inc., that a Buffalo department store has used color ads to good advantage, and that the Magnin Department Store in San Francisco "Believes Retailers Overlook a Good Thing by Neglecting Surveys."

All this, of course, means dollars and cents to the manufacturer and the merchant. Retailers studying *Women's Wear's* style news know what mode to push; manufacturers learning of a buyer's resignation can keep their customer lists current. For their convenience, the paper is split into fifteen sections, each devoted to a specific market, ranging all the way from millinery to footwear. Everything that

happens in these lines, whether it be the *Bar Mitzvah* of a salesman's son or a big bankruptcy, gets complete coverage. To the women's wear trade, papers like the *New York Times* may be useful for insignificant news like peace conferences and airplane crashes, but only *Women's Wear* reaches their minds, their hearts — and their pocketbooks.

Politics, science, war, religion, or scandal never find space in *Women's Wear* unless they have an "angle" — a trade angle. Sometimes the editors have to scratch deep for business slants, but they usually manage. The Japanese surrender was given a five-column, two-deck headline: "War Won; Agencies Act on Peace Needs"; immediately underneath was still another five-column streamer: "Clear Road for 328 B to Replace 388," which to initiates indicated that the WPB was planning to revamp its regulations on fabrics.

Despite the fact that the paper has no competition, it adheres to newspaper tradition in seeking scoops. It secured a world beat, last November, on the disclosure that Reparations Chief Edwin W. Pauley had set the size of the Japanese cotton industry at 3 million spindles, and a two-day beat on the House Small Business Committee report on monopoly.

The market editors on *Women's Wear* are so well-acquainted with their fields that they often learn of important business developments before some of the people most directly affected. East Thirteenth Street recalls

that a *Women's Wear* reporter once brought in the news that Franklin Simon, the Fifth Avenue specialty shop, was firing one of its merchandise executives. The reporter even had the name of his successor.

George Simon, the store's head, heard that *Women's Wear* had the story and asked the Fairchilds not to run it. The man in question, he said, didn't yet know that he was being dismissed; his contract had two more months to run and the store feared he might not work well during that period if he learned of his dismissal.

The story ran, because the Fairchilds believe in printing the news without regard to business pressures. No advertiser has ever had much luck in trying to influence *Women's Wear's* policy. In the trade press, which is notorious for the prostitution of editorial matter to business office policy, the Fairchild policy of "honest news" is almost unique.

The story is told that during the depression of the thirties a committee of garment manufacturers called on the Fairchilds to ask them to withhold the announcement of an impending drop in prices. The manufacturers hoped to sell off their merchandise to retailers at the old prices. When the Fairchilds refused, the manufacturers threatened to withdraw their advertising from the paper. The Fairchild answer was, "Go ahead."

"But you'll charge us the 'short rates,'" the manufacturers complained, worried about higher costs for their advertising.

"We won't. We'll cancel your contracts right now."

Six manufacturers actually pulled out their advertising, but the story was published.

Even on labor, *Women's Wear* has successfully maintained a reputation for impartiality. Richard Rohman, now an official of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, was labor editor for many years, and has said that he never once had to slant a story. Not many labor reporters on metropolitan newspapers could say as much.

(But *Women's Wear* executives asked to "review" this article before publication.)

III

When *Fortune* undertook a study of the New York garment trade some years ago, it found that the entire industry was "all revolving about one sun." That sun was old E. W. Fairchild, founder and publisher of *Women's Wear Daily*.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, E. W., as he is generally known, became sovereign of Seventh Avenue via a small flyer in the grocery business. In 1890 he moved to Chicago from his native Flushing, N. Y., and peddled yeast cakes of his own manufacture to grocery stores. Soon he was issuing a small trade paper in which he published the grocery gossip he picked up in his peregrinations.

The World's Fair of 1892 gave him his real publishing start. Chicago became a mecca for men's clothing manufacturers, and E. W. and his brother,

L. E., two years his junior, put out a mimeographed "throwaway" for them. A business panic the following year provided the Fairchilds with plenty of copy on the woes of the apparel trade, company failures and other macabre details. Then E. W. and L. E. moved to New York and set about publishing for the men's wear trade a four-page *Daily Trade Record*. Now the *Daily News Record*, it still concerns itself with the men's wear industry; it is the least profitable of the Fairchild ventures.

Women's Wear first appeared in May 1910 as a single page in the *Record* reporting a big cloakmakers' strike. On July 13, 1910, it began publication as a separate daily on its own. The ready-made dress market was just getting under way at the time. E. W. saw the trend and rode with it. By the end of World War I, the paper had achieved a commanding and, to the Fairchilds, profitable niche in the industry.

The Fairchilds later added other papers to their string: a semi-monthly magazine, *Men's Wear*; a weekly news-magazine, *Retailing-Executive*, which died after its most profitable section, *Retailing-Home Furnishings*, was divorced from it and established as an independent semi-weekly; and two magazines no longer published, one called *Style Sources*, and *Fairchild's International*, published in Paris. *Man and His Clothes* was established in London by the Fairchilds and then sold to an English publisher.

A tall, lean Yankee, E. W. held

close rein on his publications for more than forty years. "Our salvation lies in printing the news," he was fond of saying. He set up bureaus in London and Paris, a Washington staff of ten, and hired correspondents for towns big enough to hold a garment factory or a sizable department store. Good reportorial work usually brought from him the compliment, "smooth as the side of a girl's leg." He never let an editorial sully the pages of *Women's Wear*. "Our job is to mirror the industry, not to lead it."

E. W. and L. E. retired about ten years ago, leaving the direction of *Women's Wear* and their other enterprises to their respective sons, Louis and Edgar. Louis, a dynamic, big, heavy-set man in his forties, handles editorial questions; his humorless cousin, Edgar, a tall, thin man of the same age, manages the business end.

Louis, E. W.'s son, has maintained his father's grip on every aspect of editorial operations and has a reputation as a "stuffed shirt." It is his habit to snap at any reporter whose typewriter is not clattering, "What are you loafing for? Get to work!" His disinclination to give raises to his reporters amounts to an obsession. Now and then Louis files a story for the paper from some retailers' or manufacturers' convention. This ordinarily creates a crisis at the copy desk, where impossible decisions have to be made between the boss, who seems to be prejudiced against the use of complete sentences, and the dictates of old-fashioned grammar.

The key assistant to the Fairchilds is Henry Zwirner, who has both humor and grammar. A veteran with fifteen years of service, he is now circulation and promotion director. Both Louis and Edgar Fairchild, according to Edgar, consider themselves underpaid. This sentiment is endemic at *Women's Wear*, where salary levels are decidedly lower than those prevailing on any other New York daily newspaper. The New York Newspaper Guild has never been able to organize the staff.

IV

The editorial staff of *Women's Wear* is crammed into a third-floor loft that looks much like any other big city newspaper room. No clouds of cigarette smoke hang over the room, however, because the fire laws ban smoking. To sneak a smoke now and then, the editorial men wander out onto the fire escape. In years gone by, they used to play a game there of spitting down a rain bucket on the ground below. This stopped abruptly after a poor shot missed and struck one of the executives who had wandered out into the courtyard during such a friendly match.

In the old days, the paper went to press at 11 A.M. and was on the streets by noon. Now, to allow for mail instead of truck deliveries, it goes to bed about 10:30 at night, so that bedlam does not break forth in the editorial room until mid-afternoon. It is presided over by Earl Elhart, a mild-mannered, gray-haired, short

man in his fifties. Although he is managing editor, Elhart rarely gives out assignments. Most of the market editors are experts who know what's going on in their fields far better than any mere managing editor.

Despite his quarter of a century with the Fairchilds, Elhart looks more like a college professor than a trade journalist. A cultured man, he usually sits quietly at his desk with a resigned expression, obviously awaiting the worst. Near him sits bustling little Sammy Levine, the city editor, who chases down the few stories which fall outside the jurisdiction of the various market editors. Nearby also is Lester Bauml, who for twenty-five years has been compiling lists of buyers' arrivals, a feature studied like the gospel by every New York salesman. In a good month, Bauml prints as many as 10,000 names which he gathers from retail buying offices and from the registers of midtown hotels.

Some startling results have come out of Bauml's thoroughness. Buyers holed up in a New York hotel for a weekend, with or without a blonde, but definitely not on business, have sometimes been embarrassed to find their names in print in *Women's Wear*.

About once a week, A. W. Zelomek, the Fairchilds' star economist, comes into the office. Zelomek, a sandy-haired man of middle age, is always certain that business is going to be terrible or marvelous. He knows of no state in between. According to some of his *Women's Wear* colleagues, Zelomek, a native American, en-

hances his prestige in the manner of American-born opera stars, by adopting a foreign accent.

In one corner of the editorial office sit the women whose fashion-reporting largely determines what American women will wear. There are more than forty of them. When these writers and artists accept a style as important, it is sure to be adopted by the stores. Ruling this little brood is Mrs. Winifred Ovitte, the executive fashion editor, a hustling woman in her sixties who has been style arbiter for thirty years. She and her assistants can become as agitated about a split sleeve as a police reporter over a bullet-shredded corpse. Most of her aides, it must be said, are dowdily dressed, but Mrs. Ovitte always looks chic in dresses especially designed for her by Sophie of Saks' Fifth Avenue. Contrary to Seventh Avenue tradition, the fashion reporters, she says, do not get their dresses "wholesale."

V

Women's Wear's most famous face is almost never seen in the office. It belongs to Kelcy Allen, the theatre critic, who makes his headquarters in Times Square because he says there are too many people on Thirteenth Street who make too much noise.

Short, stout, and dignified, Allen, now 72, has been the garment industry's ambassador to Broadway since 1914, when he persuaded E. W. to let him solicit theatre advertising and, incidentally, do a column of comment. Allen is paid on a commis-

sion basis, and paid well. He denies that this method of remuneration influences his invariably amiable critiques. An erstwhile pal of his once remarked, "He has a heart of gold and sometimes it goes to his head." It takes a genuinely ghastly play to draw even a mild panning from Allen. It was Allen who wrote of *A Marriage of Convenience* that "Lowell Sherman as the Chevalier gave an excellent performance but it cannot be said that he distinguished himself."

Allen's custom is to invite "bright young boys" on the staff to accompany him to the premieres; in gratitude they frequently relieve him of the task of putting words on paper. One of the most constant of these substitutes is Tom Dash, no longer a young boy, but still bright, who is an associate editor of *Women's Wear*. Dash worships the theatre and the dictionary with equal adoration. His reviews can always be recognized because of his fondness for four-syllable words and his casual references to Aristotle, Castelvetro and other intellectuals of whom Seventh Avenue seldom speaks.

Women's Wear is now running a comic strip, the first on record in the trade paper field. It's called "Sally" and has to do with the career of one Sally Jones, a salesgirl. "With all the sober problems facing industry these days," says Managing Editor Elhart, "a cartoon strip of this type provides a bit of humorous relief in an otherwise arduous day." What more can one ask of a newspaper?

NEW FACTS ABOUT THE HANGOVER

BY ALSON J. SMITH

THE late Thomas Wolfe once paid this tribute to intoxication:

Immortal drunkenness! What tribute can we ever pay, what song can we ever sing, what swelling praise can ever be sufficient to express the joy, the gratefulness, and the love which we, who have known youth and hunger in America, have owed to alcohol?

"Immortal drunkenness" it may be, but, as every drunkard knows, there is a very mortal penalty attached — the hangover. Until recently, modern medicine left the victims of this ailment pretty much to their own devices; it was the subject of more bad humor than serious study. At best, it was treated merely as an incidental accompaniment to over-indulgence in alcohol, of no special importance to the non-addictive drinker.

But to most of America's 55 million drinkers, the morning-after head can, on occasion, be a subject of intense and all-absorbing interest. Those who have had the courage to call a doctor are aware that they are unlikely to get anything but brusque advice about ice packs, aspirins and

keeping quiet. Coupled with this rather primitive therapy, they are apt to receive unsolicited opinions bearing on their intelligence, maturity, social desirability, etc.

Today, for the first time, the hangover is receiving intelligent scientific attention. In Yale University's Section on Alcohol Studies of the Laboratory of Applied Physiology, the ailment is now being analyzed in psychiatric terms. Doctors Howard Haggard, E. M. Jellinek and Giorgio Lolli have founded the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*, and have set up the Summer School of Alcohol Studies and the Yale Plan Clinics. Their research has already discredited many common beliefs which once made the morning-after more miserable than it had to be.

First, it has been found that no permanent damage is done by the hangover. Except in the case of the addictive drinker — the chronic drunk — the pain is temporary and leaves no after-effects. The brain cells are not damaged. Life expectancy is not shortened: insurance figures show that the occasional drinker lives as

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long as, if not longer than, the teetotaler. Second, there is apparently no danger of developing cirrhosis of the liver from moderate drinking (or from occasional drunkenness). Chronic alcoholics, however, are much more likely to contract cirrhosis, and a prolonged drinking bout does have some effect, usually temporary, on the liver. And third, it has been proved that, in general, drinking will not bring on ulcers, though it may do harm if ulcers already exist.

Fear of these and other bogies has been one of the chief elements in the awful misery of the hangover. Indeed, the ailment is now thought to be largely psychosomatic: the emotional and mental stresses of the morning-after are as often responsible for headaches as the alcohol. Mental depression, feelings of guilt, and I'll-never-touch-the-stuff-again attitudes go hand in hand with pains in the head, vomiting and "the shakes." When drinkers have been educated to the largely psychological origins of their distress, the hangover will be less painful.

II

Doctors at the Yale Plan Clinic have made the interesting discovery that a neurotic or maladjusted individual is likely to reveal a lot about himself when he has a hangover. Some time ago, a 49-year-old man came into the Yale Plan Clinic at New Haven after a long spree. Although he complained of thirst, headache and fatigue, his physical examination was entirely

negative. But a few moments later, in the course of a routine checkup on the man's history, mention was made of his wife. Instantly the patient burst into a storm of abuse. He gave an hysterical account of the suffering he had undergone since his marriage, launched a prolonged adjectival assault on his wife, and quite overcame the interne with the homeric quality of his rage. His blood pressure rose in a few minutes from 130/80 to 180/100. Finally, he was calmed down and sent home.

The following week he returned to the Clinic, this time entirely sober, and was able to carry on a calm discussion with a psychiatrist about his marital relations. After several more interviews, all of which centered on his married life rather than his drinking habits, the man was able to make a beginning at a readjustment. If the psychiatrist had not been fortunate enough to catch the man when he had a hangover, the roots of his maladjustment might not have been discovered so easily. A man with a hangover is experiencing a sort of emotional catharsis: his inhibitions are largely removed, and there is a greater likelihood that discussion with a psychiatrist will prove fruitful. Repressed feelings which are brought into the open at this time are called "discharge phenomena."

A more complicated case history is provided by the story of a rather attractive unmarried woman of 35, who first came to the Yale Plan Clinic after a drinking bout and its conse-

quent hangover had ended. She told the doctors that she had begun drinking some ten years previously, just after her mother had died. She claimed that she was by no means a chronic alcoholic, but that every once in a while she would go on a three- or four-day spree. She had few friends, was lonely and bored, and said that she wanted help badly. Beyond this the Yale doctors were unable to find out much about her. Some cautious inquiries into her sex life elicited only the response that she hadn't found the right man, had had only trivial, platonic affairs, and wasn't particularly interested in the subject. She denied a suggestion that there might be some relation between her drinking sprees and her menstrual cycle. After several interviews, she apparently despaired of getting any help at the Clinic and stopped coming. Six months later, however, she returned one day in a state of utter despondency. This time she had a bad hangover, and within a few hours the doctors had learned enough to make an accurate diagnosis of her case. A few days before, she revealed, she had suddenly left her place of work and gone to a nearby bar. After several drinks, she had suddenly decided not to go back to work. She got on a train, rode to a nearby town, and rented a hotel room. Then she went down to the hotel's bar, had a few drinks, and picked up a man, whom she took to her room. After they had lived together for several days, during which she drank steadily, she

finally boarded a train and went back to New Haven. Since then she had begun to menstruate, and had taken a few extra drinks to alleviate the cyclical pain.

She admitted to the doctors that she had been doing this more or less regularly for the past ten years. Her original story about a lack of interest in men was now revealed to be the exact reverse of the truth; but her strong sex drive had been partially checked by an equally strong fear of sexuality. Only when she was able to combine the enhanced sex urge of the pre-menstrual period with a few drinks was she able to overcome her repressions. She now told the Yale psychiatrists that actually she had had numerous non-platonic affairs with men in the past decade. When the doctors had the whole picture before them, they were able to recommend treatment which subsequently proved successful. Had the doctors not caught her when she had a hangover, they might never have been able to help her.

III

It should be emphasized that, while psychological stresses tend to aggravate the hangover, its origin is physiological. Basically, the hangover proceeds from a sudden decrease in the concentration of alcohol in the blood. To study the causes in detail requires a closer look at some of the symptoms.

First, the man with a hangover is thirsty. He has less water in his system because alcohol has a pronounced

diuretic effect — it makes him urinate a lot — and because it increases the rate of perspiration. Moreover, alcohol affects the brain centers controlling the metabolism of water in the system: the water flows from within the cells to the spaces between the cells. The resultant thirst should be alleviated by drinking a glass, or several glasses, of water; and when the alcohol has left the brain the metabolism will readjust itself.

It is important not to quench the morning-after thirst with more alcohol. The doctors at the Yale Clinic are emphatic in denouncing the time-honored "hair-of-the-dog" technique for curing a hangover. Dr. Giorgio Lolli says that "More alcohol, even if given in ever-decreasing doses, is no remedy for the psychological and physiological disturbances caused by the excessive use of alcohol." The plain truth of the matter is that a man who is even tempted by a desire for alcohol on the morning-after is already a long way down the road that leads to chronic alcoholism.

Second, the hangover victim has a headache. At present, doctors are not certain about the causes of this headache, but apparently it is brought on by the effect of the alcohol on that part of the brain controlling the dilation and constriction of blood vessels and cells. It may also be, in large measure, a purely nervous reaction to the effects of alcohol on other parts of the body. No entirely satisfactory treatment for this headache has been developed yet. The

patient can only be advised to try an ice pack on his head, a couple of aspirin tablets and rest. If this does not work — and it rarely does — the doctor may recommend some drugs, usually barbiturates.

Third, the hangover is marked by fatigue which in some cases becomes complete exhaustion, and which may be accompanied by partial amnesia. When he is drunk, a man is apt to overdo it, to burn up his physical and psychological resources in talking too much, jumping around too much and generally being the life of the party. He consumes body heat rapidly, does not get enough food or sleep, and may smoke too many cigarettes. The relaxation that came with the first few drinks turns to nervous strain when the alcoholic content of the blood is reduced. A warm bath and prolonged sleep are strongly recommended, and for those who find these measures ineffectual, doctors may recommend sedatives and a temporary diet which is rich in carbohydrates.

Fourth, the man with a hangover is likely to suffer from a stomach aché, nausea and painful retching. Drinking any large quantity of alcohol in a concentration greater than 20 per cent (the average for port, sherry and other fortified wines) causes an acute, though temporary, irritation of the lining of the gastro-intestinal tract. This sensitive membrane could be injured by large amounts of rum (about 35 per cent alcohol), whiskey (40-50 per cent) or gin (about 45 per cent). It is protected by the

secretion of gastric juices rich in mucus, which cover the lining. If the stomach remains upset, these gastric juices may be thrown up. Another complication may result from the action of the alcohol on the central nervous system, which causes a delay in passing on the contents of the stomach to the intestinal tract. There are several drugs available which a doctor may prescribe to help overcome this nausea.

Drinking, as noted above, is not a direct cause of gastric ulcer, but the retching that is associated with a hangover may be very painful to those who already have ulcers. One 43-year-old man, who had been a heavy social drinker for twenty years, came to the Yale Clinic complaining of occasional pains in the stomach. The doctors made a tentative diagnosis of "gastric neurosis." Later, however, when the man had a bad hangover, his pain was so severe that a roentgenological examination was made, and it was found that he actually had a gastric ulcer. Another 27-year-old patient was not even aware that anything was wrong with his stomach until a checkup made while he had a hangover revealed a perforated duodenal ulcer. In this case, an emergency operation prevented further complications.

IV

Finally, the hangover victim is apt to suffer from an unpleasant phenomenon generally termed "the shakes."

As a rule, it is limited to the hands and fingers, and it may linger there for days. There are two kinds of shakes. The first is the more or less permanent tremor of the chronic alcoholic, which is caused by damages done to the central nervous system. The other is the temporary affliction coincidental with the hangover: this is now believed to be rooted entirely in the psychological stresses likely to follow a drinking bout. If a doctor can convince this patient that he is not really wrecking his life, "the shakes" will probably disappear quickly.

The hangover is undoubtedly here to stay. The best way to avoid it, of course, is to drink moderately, *i.e.*, not to the point of intoxication. But those who insist on ignoring this advice can at least make the morning-after somewhat less agonizing by (1) eating properly and (2) not worrying. Most people do not eat enough while they are drinking, and many moderate-to-heavy drinkers suffer from vitamin deficiencies. Black coffee, tomato juice and hot food may help to drive away a hangover — at least they won't hurt it — but better results can be obtained by sticking to regular eating habits before, during and after any drinking spree. More important, perhaps, is the elimination of anxiety. The hangover will have fewer terrors for drinkers when they come around to the realization that they are not moral outcasts and miserable sinners.

PREMPEH

A STORY

BY ETHEL ROVERE

BIG SAM chewed savagely on a piece of ginger root and filled his mouth with rum. The ginger was fire-hot. It made his eyes and nostrils smart painfully. A few drops of the mixture trickled down his throat, and he felt as though he had swallowed liquid fire.

He sprayed the mixture carefully over the small body of the gamecock held firmly between his knees. Sunlight played on the gorgeously-colored feathers and Big Sam's heart swelled with love and pride at the beauty of the little fighter.

As he worked, he sang softly.

Go to Long Pond fe water
Hear de bullfrog da holler
Ax de watchman da warrer?
Monkey draw bow so sweet.

Prempeh cocked his head to one side, and Big Sam thought, "Dat bird sho love music. Yo' wouldn' tink to look 'pon him dat him is a born killer."

"Yo' tink de rum an' ginger goin' mek him fight good?" asked Lillybelle, who was leaning against the stone wall, fanning herself with a corner of her apron.

"He fight good widouten de rum an' ginger," said Big Sam, offhandedly. "But iffen he don' get it he lose heart too quick."

"Why it do dat?"

"It hot de blood. When yo' blood hot yo' can fight de debbil heself."

Lillybelle looked admiringly at Big Sam and giggled. "Yo' don't need no rum an' ginger fe hot up yo' blood, Big Sam." He looked at her scornfully. A woman, he thought, never seemed to realize that there was a time and place for everything. A man couldn't be expected to think about lovemaking when anything as important as a cockfight was on his mind. In half an hour he was going to match Prempeh against Mr. Wilson's cock, Sunny.

From the moment he'd heard that name he felt certain that Prempeh would win. What chance could a cock with a foolish name like Sunny have against one bearing the name of an African chieftain who had been a great fighter? To be sure, Prempeh wasn't a pure-blooded gamecock. Still and all though, he had an evil heart,

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and his spurs were longer and sharper than any Big Sam had ever seen.

But Big Sam saw no reason why they shouldn't be made still sharper by a little extra filing. He had plenty of time before Mr. Wilson arrived.

He took a rusty file from his pocket and went to work on Prempeh's spurs. Prempeh seemed to enjoy it. He blinked his eyes, which were wicked and red as those of a mongoose, and panted contentedly, his beak hanging half-open. The day was hot, and Big Sam wondered whether Prempeh wouldn't rather lie in the shade than fight, but quickly put the thought from him. Maybe, he reassured himself, that was just Prempeh's cunning way. He was saving his strength for the battle. A man like Big Sam, who had made a study of fighting cocks, knew that they took notions, but when they were challenged by another cock the Devil himself couldn't stop them from fighting.

Mr. Wilson didn't know anything about that. He was a white man. He enjoyed watching a cockfight, but he didn't really care much which bird won. However, since white men always had more money than Negroes, he was in a position to raise pure-blooded fowl, and the purer the blood, the wickedder the heart. Prempeh's evil disposition was a pure miracle; that, and his crafty ways.

You couldn't win a fight unless luck was with you. If bad luck was on your tail, you couldn't win, not even with the purest-bred cock in the world. The very day Big Sam bought Prem-

peh he had inadvertently put his shirt on inside out. The moment he discovered what he had done he knew that he had bought a winner. Pure luck was with him.

II

Everybody had laughed at him and said that he was a fool to think his half-bred cock could beat Mr. Wilson's Sunny. Big Sam knew better. It wasn't for nothing that he had kept Prempeh lean by starving him, and mixing red peppers with his food. The rum and ginger was only for outward application at the last moment. Red peppers kept a cock's blood at fighting heat.

If it hadn't been that he needed money for a proper church wedding Big Sam would have waited a few more weeks before matching Prempeh against Sunny. He wasn't sure that the cock was old enough to fight. Prempeh was just a month or two over a year old, if Big Sam remembered rightly, and a good fighter should be nearer two years old. His tail feathers were not as long as they should be, and there wasn't enough red in his comb. But Lillybelle didn't want to put off the marriage; her mind was set on a proper wedding. For that, he needed a good suit of clothes and a pair of shoes. Then, of course, he would have to buy rum for the guests. You couldn't have a really fine wedding without plenty of rum.

If Prempeh won the fight, he could get a big price for him, enough to pay for the suit, shoes and rum.

Why was Lillybelle so set on having a proper wedding? he asked himself, as he continued his vigorous filing. There would be plenty of time for that when they were a little older. It wasn't very many years back that his own old mooma had a grand wedding with two of her daughters as bridesmaids.

Lillybelle had been raised at the mission station, and the preacher's wife had told her that if she was a good girl and married in church, she would make her a fine wedding dress of white muslin and lace.

Big Sam couldn't really blame Lillybelle for wanting a nice wedding. After all, it would be the first time anyone in her family had been married by a preacher.

There was no other girl as pretty as Lillybelle. Her brown skin was shiny and sweet, and her eyes were like dark pools in the valley. No white dress, or lace, would make her any prettier than she was.

But if that was what she wanted, Big Sam would get it for her. It was lucky for both of them that Mr. Wilson was willing to let him match Prempeh against Sunny. Sunny's blood was purer than Prempeh's, but he had the heart of a plain, ordinary chicken. Sometimes the best-bred gamecocks turned out that way.

When Big Sam was satisfied that Prempeh's spurs were sharp enough he set the bird down on the ground. Delighted to find himself free for the moment, Prempeh strutted senselessly around the small enclosure. Aware,

perhaps, of Big Sam's admiration, he let out a brazen crow.

Lillybelle shrieked with laughter. "Bull horn nebber too heavy fe him head," she quoted. "Prempeh mus' tink dat him was born in a buckra house."

Big Sam sucked his teeth in disgust. Born in buckra house — what foolishness! Couldn't Lillybelle see that Prempeh was showing confidence in himself?

A few people had begun to gather around, some to enjoy the sport, others to make remarks and jeer. The bantering was good-natured, on the whole, but now and then Big Sam overheard insulting remarks about Prempeh. All he hoped was that Prempeh didn't understand what was being said. But the way that cock was smart, you couldn't be sure. It might make him nervous.

An old man, who had been one of the first to arrive on the scene, remarked that if he had a whole pocketful of money he wouldn't waste a quattie betting on a cock who looked more like a bald-headed vulture than a fighter.

"What yo' know 'bout fighter cock?" said Big Sam, angrily, muttering under his breath. "Yo' face favor skrintch owl, ol' man."

III

Mr. Wilson was late. That was too bad, for the effect of the rum and ginger had partly worn off, and Big Sam had to go through the whole performance again. Midway in the second

treatment, Mr. Wilson appeared. He was carrying Sunny under his arm. Big Sam didn't attempt to hide what he was doing. Mr. Wilson could do the same for Sunny if he wanted to.

Big Sam tied a string to Prempeh's leg, and Mr. Wilson tied one on Sunny's. The cocks couldn't be allowed to start fighting until they had worked up a violent rage against each other. They had to be jerked back a few times until you could see the feathers on their necks ruffle, and the fire in their eyes.

Mr. Wilson and big Sam did some bragging about the superiority of their contestants. Neither was quite sure he was telling the truth, but it was customary to boast a bit before the fight began. It helped to stir up the interest of the crowd.

Neither warrior showed much inclination to attack. They flapped their wings, crowed once or twice, and strutted around the ring kicking up the dust with a seeming show of indifference.

Suddenly, Prempeh leaped into the air and dashed at Sunny. The rum and ginger, thought Big Sam happily, was having its effect. There was real fire in Prempeh's eyes.

Sunny knew how to defend himself. He dodged, and aimed a wicked spur at his opponent. Then, in a series of pecks, he removed a part of Prempeh's comb. Blood trickled into Prempeh's eyes, maddening him. He rushed pell-mell at Sunny, pecking the air at random.

Sunny, likewise, was feeling the

effect of the first vicious onslaught, and Big Sam noticed that one of his eyes was closed. Sunny lurched dizzily from one side of the ring to the other. Vainly Big Sam wept and cursed. Mr. Wilson implored Sunny to fight like a gentleman. Both cocks now appeared to have the same thing in mind, not to fight to the death, but to chase each other out of the ring. It seemed to be merely a question as to which cock could hold out the longest.

Prempeh realized that the half-blinded Sunny was at a disadvantage. With an angry squawk he dashed at his enemy. Unexpectedly, through his uninjured eye, Sunny saw his chance, and remembered his training. As Prempeh bore down on him he veered sideways, and with a clean spur thrust ended the battle.

For a moment it looked as though Prempeh was too astonished to die. He lifted his head skywards, crowed feebly, and toppled over. Mr. Wilson picked up Sunny, whose appearance was in no way that of a conqueror. His head was bloody, and bowed.

"Bad luck, Sam," said Mr. Wilson, amiably. "Prempeh was a fine cock." He added untruthfully, "He suttinly put up a good fight."

Mr. Wilson wiped his forehead with a large red bandanna. "Come up to the house tomorrow, an' I'll give yo' one of my young cockerels." Big Sam nodded. For a moment he was too crushed to thank Mr. Wilson. Prempeh's defeat was bad enough; the sight of him lying dead on the ground was almost more than he could bear.

One by one the people drifted away, but Big Sam was in no hurry. He squatted on his heels with his back against the low stone wall. He was thinking that back in the hills the mud-floored cabin where he lived would be lonely. The evening mists had begun to rise. He was cold and very hungry. He pulled his ragged jacket closer around him. No church wedding now for Lillybelle, he thought.

He looked at Prempeh, lying sadly in the dust, his brave scarlet and gold feathers soiled and ruffled.

"Po' lil feller," he murmured, "yo' done de bes' yo' knowed how."

Hunger kept gnawing at him. "I goin' tek yo' home, lil feller," he said. "Ain' goin' mek no diff-unce to yo' now iffen I puts yo' in de stew pot."

A light wind stirred, and he heard the rustle of dead leaves. He turned and saw Lillybelle leaning against the stone wall.

"Don' fret," she said softly, sidling up to him. "I doesn't care 'bout no white dress wit' lace, neider iffen we marries in church."

"Ah goin' up de mountain," he said, slowly. "Yo' comin' wit' me, Lillybelle?"

She looked at the sky. Thick clouds hung low over the dark hills. "It gettin' late fe true," she said. "Mus' be mos' six o'clock."

"I didn' eat nuttin' sence mornin'," Big Sam said.

He bent down and picked up Prempeh. He and Lillybelle walked up the muletrack that led to the mountain.

APPEAL TO BEAUTY

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Now, Beauty, stay with us as never before,
After the agony and mad waste of war
The world is weary and sad. We need your grace,
Your quiet dreams from many a secret place.

We need your gardens and your hidden lanes,
The silver fingers of your gentle rains,
Your burning sunsets and your starlit skies
That rest the spirit and our tired eyes.

Enough of pain has shattered our old days;
Sick with it still, we crave earth's simple ways:
The hush that falls around a dark lagoon,
And the mysterious patience of the moon.

THE IMPASSE IN KOREA

BY ROBERT T. OLIVER

IN ASIA, where force counts, our prestige as the conquerors of mighty Nippon should be high. But we have committed the unforgivable sin of "losing face." Invincible in war, we have proved irresolute in peace. And in Asia the Red Flag is rising while the Stars and Stripes is fluttering down.

Korea is the key to Asia north of Hong Kong. Korea, with 29 all-year ocean ports, with coal, mineral, timber, and water-power resources, is a focal point of Asiatic power politics; it is the point at which Chinese, Russian and American interests converge. Whoever dominates Korea is in a position to threaten northeast Asia.

Japan realized this fact, and made the acquisition of Korea the first move in her plan of aggression. The Nipponese first sought to seize Korea, as a land bridge to Asia, in 1592. In a seven-year war, the Koreans fought them off. In 1898 the Japanese pried Korea and China apart, but their victory was nullified by Russian intervention. Finally, in 1904-05 the Japanese carried off Korea as the prize

of the Russo-Japanese war. The invasion of Manchuria, and later of China, were thereby made possible.

Russians have known the value of Korea as well as the Japanese, but their persistent attempts to gain control over the peninsula were blocked by the latter. At Yalta they saw their chance and took it. Roosevelt and Marshall were induced to agree to a plan whereby Russia, upon entering the Pacific war, would occupy Korea north of the 38th parallel, while Americans would occupy the southern half of the country. No agreement was reached concerning the ultimate departure of the two armies; they remain entrenched today, with bitterness increasing between them, and with the Koreans growing increasingly resentful of them both.

Korea in Russian hands would endanger Chinese integrity and reduce Japan to political insignificance. Chinese control of Korea might threaten the development of Russia's Pacific coast. An American base in Korea might appear as a threat against the Big Three of the Orient. Japan has

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already demonstrated what she can do with Korea as a supply depot and bridge. And an international trusteeship over Korea would inevitably become a focal point of intrigue and suspicion, with each major power suspecting the intentions of the others.

These are the reasons why Chiang Kai-shek had no difficulty at Cairo in persuading Roosevelt and Churchill to promise that "in due course Korea would be free and independent." And they are reasons why the United States dare not surrender now to the Russian determination to seize control of Korea.

II

The Koreans themselves are devoted to freedom with a zeal they have proved is unconquerable. The late Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, chief anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institute, once described them as the most capable people of the Orient. Through forty years of Japanese domination the Koreans sought to prove he was right. One tenth of the total population fled into the hills or across the border to engage in guerrilla warfare. Official Japanese records show a daily average of ten incursions by these "bandits" — not just during the war, but during all the long lonely years since they were isolated from their friends in 1931. The Japanese quickly learned to fear the defeated and disarmed Koreans: they even deprived them of kitchen knives, leaving just one for every three families, and requiring that to be hung on a public

post when not in use! They tried every means within their power — terror, deprivation, propaganda and bribery — to Japanize the Koreans, and wholly failed.

Now the Koreans, freed from Japanese domination, are facing another occupation, in many ways harder to bear. Many of them told me last summer that their country is actually worse off right now than it was under the harsh rule of the Japanese.

The hardest blow Korea has suffered since the Hideyoshi invasion in 1592 is the current division of the country along the 38th parallel. This line between the Russian and American troops has become a heavily fortified iron curtain across which nothing but wind can legally pass. Korean mines, hydroelectric developments, and heavy industries are almost all in the northern, Russian zone. Her rice-paddy farmland is mainly in the southern, American zone. The very life-blood of Korea has always, of necessity, flowed north and south. Today, both economically and politically, Korea is bleeding to death. If the present impasse continues for another year, Korea's development will have been set back at least a generation.

In order to visualize the problem, we have to consider what Russia is doing in Korea, what the United States is doing, and what steps are being taken toward a solution.

Russia is trying to stamp out every vestige of nationalism in the north, and is seeking by all the means in its

power to Communize both the north and south. North of the 38th parallel the totalitarian rule of the Russians is pitiless. No Korean may leave his own village without identification papers. No one may listen to radio broadcasts from outside. Nothing remotely resembling freedom of speech or the press is allowed, and protests or criticisms of Soviet policy are forbidden. Pictures of Stalin and Lenin are plastered on walls everywhere. Cho Man Sik, the nationalist hero of northern Korea, was jailed months ago, and may now be dead.

The Russians make good propaganda of the fact that they have provided farms for the peasants. Actually the farmers have merely traded landlords. The Russians seized all the large land holdings and assigned them to communes, which in turn permit farmers who work with the Communists to operate them. These farmers pay a "tax" of 50 per cent of their produce.

The Russians decreed that any Korean who collaborated with the Japanese could have his property seized, be imprisoned, or even executed. This law, in a land which for the past forty years has been part of Japan, gave the Russians complete control over every Korean. They have exercised the power shrewdly. Every large property-owner was found, of course, to be a notorious collaborator, while Koreans who join the Communist party are promptly forgiven for past offenses. This policy of terror, deprivation and bribery has been

largely successful in bolstering Communist strength in northern Korea.

Communist propaganda in the American zone is widespread, because of our policy of free speech. The method of financing the campaign was ridiculously easy and effective. The Russians declared the paper yen issued by the Japanese to be worthless, and called in the five billions that circulated in their zone, substituting for it a paper currency of their own. The Americans have kept the yen in use. Thus, at a single stroke, the Russians secured five billion Yen for use in the American zone, at no cost to themselves.

Since not even this proved enough, some of the southern Communists set up a counterfeiting press in the basement of the Party headquarters building in Seoul. When the press was discovered, the Party leaders asked the Koreans to believe that "not all Communists in southern Korea were involved in the plot."

III

American occupation policy has provided plenty of propaganda ammunition for the Russians. We have made the basic error of keeping Korea in the Japanese administrative zone, so that every regulation laid down to punish the Japanese automatically applies to the Koreans. This means that they are not permitted any foreign trade: their assets are completely "frozen" by an order forbidding their currency access to the international exchange. They are allowed no government of

their own, and thus have no official spokesman to defend their rights as a nation. In one way they are worse off than the Japanese, who have been permitted at least to hold elections — while the Koreans have not.

American personnel attempting to govern Korea is wholly untrained and incompetent for the job. Positions demanding the utmost technical and administrative skill are necessarily assigned to whatever officers happen to be available. Many do the best they can, but I found an appallingly high percentage who are completely indifferent to the problems of the Korean people. Some regard their position as no more than a fine opportunity to live well on little work, at the expense of the American Army and the "gooks," as they call the Koreans. A few are simply hoodlums, who have been given a chance to loot and tyrannize without fear of reprisal. Those who try to do a good job are hamstrung by regulations and by their own ignorance of the Korean language, customs and psychology.

One of our major errors has been too much reliance on missionary control. When the American Army entered Korea on September 7, 1945, General John R. Hodge began his work with the blundering announcement that Koreans and Japanese were "cats of the same breed," and that Japanese administrators would therefore be retained. Korean protests succeeded in getting this plan rescinded. This made it necessary for the Americans either to recognize a Korean gov-

ernment and work through that, or to call in the missionary English-speaking group as advisors. They chose the second alternative. The result has been inefficiency and bitterness.

The missionary advisors naturally favored the half-million Christians. Naturally, too, English-speaking Koreans were a great asset to our troops, and were quickly given key positions and preferential treatment. But, just as naturally, the remaining 29 million Koreans bitterly resent this favoritism. Our Military Government has since sought to remedy this initial error, and appointments to business and government posts are now being spread as wide as possible. But since control remains in our hands, and since our officers cannot speak Korean, we still have to depend very largely on the missionaries and upon Koreans who speak English.

In a belated effort to rectify this situation, General Hodge invited Dr. Syngman Rhee, the 70-year-old leader of Korean nationalists, to return to Korea in October 1945, from his exile in Washington, D. C. General Hodge thought he could establish Dr. Rhee as a "front" behind which American plans could be carried out. But Dr. Rhee refused to play this part. In his very first public appearance in Korea he astounded General Hodge by making a forthright denunciation of Russian occupation methods in northern Korea. In a subsequent speaking tour of southern Korea, Dr. Rhee laid a strong groundwork for opposition to Communism, and demanded the

granting of immediate independence. When General Hodge found that Dr. Rhee could not be controlled, he tried to limit the scope of his activities, but Dr. Rhee's following among the people was so large that he could not be touched.

IV

When I talked with General Hodge last summer he assured me that Dr. Rhee was so much the greatest of Korean statesmen that he might well be considered the only one — but that nevertheless his opposition to Communism had made him so obnoxious to Russia that Military Government could not dare to let him have any part in a Korean government while we occupied the nation. This policy was put into effect late last fall. An interim legislature was decided upon for the American zone, to sit until a provisional government was finally established. Forty-five members were to be elected by popular vote, and, to insure American control, 45 were to be appointed by General Hodge. When the election was held, 43 of those chosen were followers of Dr. Rhee, and two were Communists. General Hodge promptly nullified the result of the election by appointing one follower of Dr. Rhee, and 44 of his opponents, including 28 from the extreme left.

The Korean policy of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department which emerged during the past year has been to prevent anti-Communist forces from gaining headway in south-

ern Korea. This policy of outright appeasement was designed to woo Russia into living up to her agreement to withdraw from the country. Our "experts" concluded that if we maintained a situation in which Russian-trained Communists could readily seize control of the country, Russia might consent to withdraw her troops, and the impasse would be ended.

This scheme for handing Korea over to the native Communists in order to avoid having to hand it over to Russia may be a "solution" in a legal sense. But it will be a betrayal of the Koreans, and it will not prevent the domination by Russia of the "vital triangle" in northern Asia. The real solution is to insist that Russia live up to the decision on Korea that was reached at Moscow by Byrnes, Bevin and Molotov in December 1945.

The Moscow agreement provided that the dis severed halves of Korea should at once be rejoined; that a provisional government of Korea should be set up; and that a trusteeship might be maintained over Korea for a period not to exceed five years.

A joint Russian-American conference was immediately convened in Seoul to put this agreement into effect. In two and a half months of discussion, it reached only one conclusion — that heavily-censored mail might be exchanged across the 38th parallel line once a week. And after eleven weeks even this agreement was abrogated by the Russians, on the grounds that cholera outbreaks in the

south made an exchange of mail dangerous.

In those weeks of conference, it was obvious that the Russians did not intend to reach an agreement. As General A. V. Arnold, who presided over the American delegation, told me: "The Russian delegates had full authority to accept every American concession, but no authority whatsoever to make any manner of concession in return." The conference was finally torpedoed by a Russian demand that no Koreans could be considered for membership in the proposed provisional government except Communists.

V

The situation is rapidly deteriorating. Relations between the Russian and American forces are tense. The mutual problems that should unify the two occupations are becoming more entangled. Yet negotiation of even the most basic problems has completely broken down. Russia continues to stamp out nationalism in the north and to entrench Communism. We continue to maintain restrictions that never were justifiable and certainly could not be defended except as temporary expedients. The Koreans are caught in the middle, caught in a cynical power-political squeeze.

Russia can afford to wait, confident that in the end we shall withdraw. China is too concerned with a similar problem in Manchuria to be able to

exert any real force in Korea. The United States is unhappily aware that it is in a wholly untenable position, but seems unaware of any solution.

Actually, there is a solution. We should disband our Military Government in Korea at once, turning the governing functions in the American zone over to a Korean government. We should leave only a token army south of the 38th parallel, so that the Red Army will not move down to occupy the whole country. We should at once abolish all restrictions on Korean trade and on the free exchange of currency. We should see to it that Korean demands for reparations from Japan are fairly considered. Korea should be admitted to the United Nations, in which forum she can plead her own case against continued Russian occupation of the northern half of her country. And if we actually wish to support democracy in the Orient, and to build a bastion of good will, we should do our part to rebuild the economy of southern Korea, which the division of the country has ruined.

None of these proposals is in any way opposed to the officially declared American aims and policies. None is inexpedient or too "idealistic" to work. The damage already done to Korea is far too great to be fully repaired by such proposals as these — but it would be difficult to understand a line of reasoning that would stop short of doing at least that much.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That sex fiends are morons and vice versa

A moron is simply an adult with a child's mind. A child's mind isn't quite everything that Eugene Field seemed to think it was, but an adult's mind isn't always a thing to thank God for either. There is nothing in the moron, as such, that necessarily makes him a perpetrator of sexual assaults and atrocities. The most dreadful sex crimes committed in America in the past few years turned out to have been committed by a university student who except for an inability to spell, which is common to at least eighty per cent of all university students, was possessed of a quite good mind.

"Moron" in its current sense is the product of headline-writers' searching for a conveniently-sized word. Also, one suspects, there is a reluctance among journalists and other common folk to accept the fact that some of our most shocking crimes are perpetrated by "normal" people. It's comforting to believe that the "insane," "crim-

inals," "degenerates" and other monsters are nothing at all like you and me, or like the editors who play up their acts and the readers who eagerly read about them.

That foxes are intelligent

The popular belief in the wisdom of the fox is deeply rooted in fiction and supported by the press. Thus *Time* recently informed its readers that a fox, near Bristol in England, had "led twelve headlong hounds to a cliff's edge [and] ducked safely into a hole as the hounds plunged over the brink."

Observers less steeped in the lore of the nursery have failed to perceive any particular cunning in the fox. William Barents and his men, to their delight, found foxes very easy to catch. Stefansson found arctic foxes "stupid, or trustful if you prefer that point of view." *Life* (March 13, 1944) had a series of interesting photographs that pathetically illustrated the limited intelligence of foxes in Ohio.

After all, wisdom is a comparative

matter, and we must remember that our chief knowledge of the wisdom of the fox comes from foxhunters.

That whales spout water

The unfortunate whale that was stranded on Long Island in October 1946 may have educated the school-children who were given the day off to see it, but in one respect its sacrifice was in vain. Though its mortal gasps were performed in the sight of hundreds, the journalists insisted on making it conform to one of the most venerable of illusions — that of spouting water into the air. The *New York Times* (October 22, 1946) quoted the night watchman who discovered it as saying that his attention had first been arrested by “a foaming geyser rising through the gloom” at five A.M.

Many people, past and present, claim to have observed this phenomenon. Pliny says that he himself had seen a killer whale fill and swamp a boat with his spout. Miss Isabel Patterson, of the *Herald Tribune*, says (September 15, 1946) that she has seen two whales spouting, “visible at three hundred yards, spouting up and falling like a fountain,” an observation which automatically gives her as great an eminence in science as that which she has hitherto enjoyed in literature.

But whatever the convictions of columnists, it is the settled opinion of cetologists that all that comes out of a whale’s blowhole is his breath, air

charged with vapor, only that and nothing more. Such has been the consensus of informed opinion for about one hundred and fifty years and since the publication in the 1903 *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution* of Émile Racovitza’s “A Summary of General Observations on the Spouting . . . of Whales,” it has scarcely been a matter of discussion except among the intellectually underprivileged.

The idea, says M. Racovitza, is “absolutely false,” as he proceeds to demonstrate from the aspect of the spout, the anatomical structure of the larynx, buccal cavity and blowhole, and his own personal experience. The last is the most curious and convincing of all. On January 28, 1898, he says, he was stationed with his photographic equipment on a stage which projected two meters over the gunwales of the *Belgica*, to which he was attached as a naturalist. The ship was in Charlotte Bay, Gerlache Strait, surrounded by a great school of humpback whales and it was of one of these that he hoped to get a close-up picture. Suddenly “one of the humpbacks came up under the stage to spout” and he was “entirely enveloped in the animal’s expiration.” “I can assure . . . all who persistently remain followers of Aristotle and Pliny,” he asserts, “that there was not the least bit of water in the expiration of this whale. I was struck in the face by a warm and humid wind of a fetid odor.”

Some (Miss Patterson among them) who have heard that the whale is an

air-breathing mammal believe that water accumulates somehow in the blowhole. But the orifice is in the form of an oblique slit and, it is believed, closes like a seal's nostril while the animal is under water; and during the spout it is drawn out "into a conical projection which does not present the least depression in which water could accumulate."

Under certain circumstances it is conceivable that some liquids could come out of the blowhole. A whale wounded in the lungs will spout blood, often to a great height. And a reliable witness who chanced to be within twenty feet of a spouting whale and found himself "all covered with goo" believes that it was his ill fortune to encounter a whale with a cold. But water is never spouted.

The dreadful stench of the spout has been commented on by many observers. Melville says that the whaling men believed it would take the skin off a man's arm and M. Jouan, a cetologist, claimed it would at least raise blisters. M. Racovitza, though nauseated, was otherwise unaffected and says pointedly that he must leave to M. Jouan the entire responsibility for his own assertions.

That lions disdain captivity

The splendid appearance of the male numidian lion led to his being called "the king of beasts," a strong compliment to many rachitic and unsplendid creatures who sat upon thrones. And once the name was established it be-

came necessary to find in the animal all of those qualities of valor, wisdom and magnanimity which fiction and flattery bestowed upon human kings. Since lions were rare and liars plentiful, this was easily accomplished.

Among the qualities commonly ascribed to kings was a fierce disdain of captivity. Actually many kings were captured (among them Richard "the lion-hearted") and some seemed to enjoy it. John the Second of France, surnamed The Good, enjoyed himself so thoroughly as a prisoner of Edward the Third that of his own free will he returned to England when there was a hitch in the business of his ransom. But on the whole the fiction was probably a sound fiscal policy. Young kings brought up to believe it might get themselves killed instead of captured and a dead king could be replaced where a living one had to be ransomed.

The lion was also thought to disdain captivity and to express his disdain by killing his young, to save them from the indignity, and then to pine away.

With the disappearance of kings one would have thought the idea would have disappeared too, but on May 1, 1944 the Chicago *Sun* quoted "Animal Trainer Terrel Jacobs," then at the Stadium, as saying that "many students believe that lions are so unhappy at being in captivity that the mother destroys her offspring rather than have the cubs grow up in slavery."

Actually lions do very well in cap-

tivity. They live almost twice as long as they do in the wild state, owing to better food and care. Lionesses, like many mammalian mothers, do eat their cubs sometimes, but their motives must remain conjectural. Many mammals eat the placenta immediately after giving birth; there is reason to believe that certain hormones in these tissues stimulate the production of milk. And some of them seem not to distinguish between the placenta and the young.

That ozone is healthful and invigorating

Among the many sins that nature writers have to answer for is the widespread impression that ozone is a sort of concentrated oxygen, possessing the virtues of fresh air in a concentrated form. How often do heroes of Western tales expel the fetid atmosphere of cities from their lungs and draw in deep draughts of "pure ozone" among the pines, draughts that make them finer, better men.

Were the ozone so inhaled created by any process more real than nature-writers' imaginings, the heroes would soon be corpses. For ozone in anything more than infinitesimal concentrations is a more deadly poison than carbon monoxide, as the Federal Trade Commission has on occasion had to point out to certain gentlemen ever eager to persuade their fellow men to sniff it in. Much has been made of it as a deodorizer. But it is a question whether it operates by removing the

substance smelled or by deadening the sense of smell. Since the end is the same, some will regard such a question as a quibble. But others are not yet sure that anesthesia is the Great Answer.

That the elderly need less sleep

The elderly, as every healthful young slugabed knows, have a detestable habit of getting up early and a still more detestable habit of boasting about it during the waking snatches of their doze days. No observation is more often on their lips than that they don't need as much sleep as they did when they were young.

What they really need are more topics of conversation. These would keep them awake longer in the evening and that, in turn, would let them sleep later in the morning. And if they didn't cut their sleep short so much, in order to get up and boast about how little they slept, they wouldn't fall asleep so much later in the day.

Dr. Roger F. Lapham, of the Cornell University Medical School, says emphatically that old people need *more* rest than young people and adds that they usually get it, in fragments if not in one solid stretch.

That the electric chair is humane

There are those who wonder if our childish faith in anything that sparks and crackles has not led us, in substituting the electric chair for the noose

or the axe, to replace a fairly humane death with a fairly barbarous one. The axe brought death in a second, the noose, since the introduction of the hangman's knot, in two or three seconds, but a man is rarely pronounced dead in the electric chair under two or three minutes and there have been occasions when it took a great deal longer than that.

The fact that men have accidentally received shocks far greater than those given in the electric chair and have later been revived raises the question whether the electric chair kills at all, or whether it merely makes the victim quiescent until the autopsy *does* finish him off.

Whether the actual death come in seconds or minutes, the agony of the condemned must surely extend through the preliminaries and preparations. And here the chair, with its necessary shaving to establish contact and its elaborate straps and electrodes to be adjusted, is as ghastly as the stake with its slow-piled faggots and more horrible in its mockery of being "scientific" and "humane."

If the state must put people to death, no nation has ever devised anything half so humane as the opiate which the Greeks allowed the condemned to administer to themselves.

That love at first sight is common

Love at first sight is such an established prop of the movies and popular fiction, that he who questions it runs

the risk of being sued for alienation of property.

Five minutes' observation on any city street will amply confirm the fact that there is such a thing as *desire* at first sight but those who believe in love at first sight would be among the first to insist that love and desire are not identical. Love may, often does, have its beginnings in desire but it grows rather out of affectionate associations than out of the sexual urge and cannot exist before the associations. Even maternal love has to grow. The great majority of infanticides occur very soon after the child's birth before the mother had become, as we say, "attached" to the child, before it had come "to mean very much to her."

Despite many moving nature stories, it may be doubted if there is anything like romantic love among the animals.

That birds have a feeling for the weather

Birds share with many other animals the reputation of being weather prophets. If they are they are astonishingly indifferent to their own welfare, for they frequently fly directly into weather conditions that prove disastrous to them. Edward H. Graham in his *Natural Principles of Land Use* says that the bobwhite quail, on the edge of its range in Wisconsin, "spreads northward during years of normal weather, but a severe winter kills so many of them that

their front then falls back to its normal position." There are many such contra-indications of any meteorological prescience among birds.

Some go so far, it would seem, as to ascribe political sympathies to birds. In 1943, when the "V for victory" slogan was cheering all hearts, a UP dispatch recorded, as a significant omen, that as an American flag was being unfurled at a Marine base "a flock of geese in perfect 'V' formation" flew overhead. Perhaps it was just a flock of UP editors.

That "growing pains" are natural and should be ignored

Growing is not a painful process. The pains which many parents pooh-pooh are probably rheumatic and will probably have serious consequences later. The child's only recourse is to get himself into an orphanage or to get what satisfaction he can out of pooh-poohing his parents' arthritis as mere "aging pains."

That human bodies after death have exhibited reflex and even rational action

The populace dearly loves the macabre and has entertained itself with many anecdotes of movements in bodies after death. The medical publications formerly carried a number of such "cases," though within the past two generations, as medicine has gradually become a science, there have been fewer and fewer of them. A Dr.

Barlow, writing to the *Medical Times and Gazette* of London in 1866, says that he had observed many reflex movements, flexing of the legs and grimacing among the victims of Asiatic cholera "upwards of an hour" after death. Modern observers have failed to corroborate his testimony.

In days gone by the stories were more dramatic still. Aubrey in his *Brief Lives* tells us that when the executioner had plucked out the heart of Sir Everard Digby (for his part in the Gunpowder Plot) and held it up for the crowd to see with the customary announcement of "Here is the heart of a traitor," the corpse hollowly replied, "Thou liest!"

And Major General Harrison, the fiercest and surliest of Cromwell's generals, was said to have struck the executioner a blow after he had been eviscerated. Pepys, who was present, records no such activity, merely saying that the General looked "as cheerful as any man could do in that condition."

That a coated tongue indicates an upset stomach

Dr. Russell A. Sage, in a special article on the tongue and diagnosis, in the *Archives of Otolaryngology* says that certain conditions of the tongue can indicate typhoid, anemia, thyroid disturbances, allergies, scarlet fever and several other pathologic conditions. But he points out that "a coated tongue has little to do with the state of a person's digestive system."

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



OUR SISTER, THE MOON

THE size of the universe which a man inhabits is determined by his habitual mental discipline. In this, the matter of the universe's size resembles the matter of its painfulness or pleasure.

Thus, if a man has preserved, as his mental habit, childhood's primary attitude of enchanted amazement at the spectacle of the universe — the attitude of wonder and homage and awe and inexhaustible delight over all the creature-pleasures, so that even a sparrow on a willow-twigg is seen as (what it is) a thing captivating and clearly miraculous, and the taste of common bread is sensed as (what it is) a glory and a wonder — if a man is habituated to that cast of mind, he will find the aches and pains of existence hardly troubling him. They will be only trivial incidents, passing interruptions, in his journey of delightedness and passionate praise. Contrariwise, if a man has used his gift of self-consciousness to make the center of his consciousness his self, he will

have forgotten how to be outgoing; he will have lost his notice for how the bread tastes, and lost his ability for self-forgetting when sparrows sing on willow-twigs. He will be all shut inside himself. And when pain visits him, as it visits every sentient thing, it will be as an agony to his whole world, for his whole world is himself. He will say that this life is hardly worth the living. It is what all egoists have said. He may very likely find incomprehensible, indeed insulting to his intelligence, the view that this life is a good and glad adventure . . . which has been the view of all outward-going personalities, all saints, and notably all martyrs.

As with the painfulness or pleasure of this universe, so with the matter of its size. There are men who live in a universe no larger than the length of their street, sometimes no bigger than their own house, no vaster than a hotel-room. The phenomena of their universe are only the things they see across the street, only as far down as their feet, only as far up as the underside of an umbrella on a rainy day.

And all the while they might, by an act of the mind, live in a universe that stretches out beyond the farthest star. They might live not in one street, one room, but be confined by nothing smaller than the cosmos.

Perhaps self-centeredness is not often quite so extreme; but a parochialism with only a little bigger periphery is surely a general thing among us. The boundaries of our awareness are the boundaries of our town, or our county, or our state, or our nation. We say of a man that he has "great breadth of vision" when he is willing to look sufficiently far outside himself to see across an ocean and be international-minded. If he can see across the barrier of race, and lose the distinctions of Caucasian and Negro and Mongolian in a larger vision of an entity called "humanity," we are nearly prepared to call him a prophet, and are ready at once to pay him the more ambiguous compliment of calling him a visionary.

Beyond seeing the world as a geographical whole, and humanity as a biological or sociological whole, we scarcely venture at all, except for some odd specialists or cranks among us. It is only zoologists who see even the whole of "humanity" as but a single portion of a much larger whole called mammalia. It is only a certain kind of advanced and philosophical biologist who is yet willing to open his eyes so wide that he sees the mammalia as only a part — along with the insects, the fish, the spiders, the birds, the reptiles, the vegetations — of that

entire biota which is the livingness of this earth. There can surely be few men but those far-sighted contemplatives, the astronomers, and those still farther-sighted and larger-minded contemplatives, the astro-physicists, who have as a habitual temper of mind the realization that our earth itself, with all its freights, is only one golden dancing sand-grain — one spore of drifting pollen, one mote of briefly whirling dust — among the clouds of material particles that throng the measureless and inscrutable whole of space.

But it is precisely that realization that every man should have who would call himself quite sane. To look outward from the little point of self and attach attention to the enormity of Otherness is the common necessity for scientists and for saints. In the vocabulary of the saints, it is outwardness of vision that keeps us mindful of our littleness and prevents our falling into the traps of pride. In the vocabulary of scientists, it is breadth of vision, and that alone, which can give us the saving sense of brotherhood.

How small and blinkered our vision is, and how narrow our parochialism, is evident enough in a thousand perpetual apathies and ignorances. Is one in a hundred of us cognizant of our brotherly birds, or our brotherly rocks, or our brotherly snake or butterfly or snow-flake or hemlock-wood, or of what may be the meaning of these to us, or what our community with them? It is evidently not so. A

little imbalance of this ingredient or that ingredient and we might all blow away tomorrow like a thistle-seed; but do we turn our eyes away from the center of self for five minutes? Clearly, we seldom do.

There is an easy and more spectacular citation. Reference may be made to the moon. The moon? Yes: that golden or silver body in the sky of the night. Do we see it? Do we watch it rising? Do we look up from a card-table or a magazine and think, for as much as a minute, upon the existence of that cold, gleaming organism? Saint Francis watched the moon with astonished eyes and thought of it as his sister. A modern scientist finds nothing alien in that view. For scientists, studying the moon, agree in finding it astonishing; and it is the essential vision of the scientific view that all creation is one family . . . mice and men and moons and everything else all streaming from the single source of all begetting.

II

Our sister, the moon, though she may look small to us, and though indeed we may largely neglect to look at her at all, has a body rather more than two thousand miles in diameter. Should there be watchers on Venus or Mars, staring out into their sky in the still of the night, the space-organism called the moon and the space-organism that we call our earth would appear to be two close stars.

Or the situation may be put more humbly, in a yet larger reach of

vision. It is our custom, complacently enough, to speak of "*the* moon." What we mean, of course, is this particular sisterly satellite, visible from our earth. But Uranus has four moons. Jupiter has nine. There are ten moons of Saturn.

Our moon is distant from us by just less than a quarter of a million miles. It is a very little distance, in the terms in which astronomers think. It is so close an association, the moon's and ours, that we can peer at the moon's landscape; and so close that our earth-pull has stopped the moon's axial rotation, while moon-pull plucks at the waters of our earth and causes what we call our tides. The moon brightens our night with its reflected light; and — what our imagination does not commonly expand to realize — we brighten the moon with ours. From the day-side of our world, there shines forth to the moon the glow of "earthlight."

We think of the shining of the sun, and the paler reflected shining of the moon. But it is the fact that we too, to the moon, are a shining sphere. Our earthlight is fifty times as bright as any moonlight that ever shimmers on our familiar land.

The moon, as the phrase goes, is "dead"; which is to say that biologists reckon there is not life on it similar to the life-forms familiar to us. There could not well be. For though there are "days" and "nights" on the moon, though there are sun and stars, and plains and hills, these things in the moon-world take on quite a different

meaning from their familiar meaning in ours. It requires almost a month of our earth-days for the moon to complete a day and a night. The sun blazes upon moondom through no veil of protecting atmosphere, or certainly only the thinnest. Furious heat and bitter cold, with abrupt transition from the one to the other as shadow succeeds sunlight, must be the climate of the moon.

It is a land very different from ours, yes; but only as a sister is different from a brother, a plant from a mammal, a fish from a tree. We have our community, under the parentage of the common cosmos. We look out, from our pellicle of earth, at the ball of the moon. The moon looks out — (if there be fancied an eye to look) — upon the great ball of the earth, thirteen times as large in area as the moon, and sees our globe making a revolution every twenty-four hours. The same Milky Way glows for the moon as for us. In the cavities of the moon's circular mountains, there are (or seem to be) areas of dampness; and it is believed that at the rising of the sun, upon the land of the moon, wraiths of mist rise and cling, even as over our own marshes and valleys on an April morning. There are valleys and mountains in the land of the moon, and great stretching plains. It is "dead", we say. True, its condition is very different from that turmoil of blood and breath, and that alerted activity of consciousness, which are a-stir on our own little mote of matter. But the

broadest scientific vision has this in common with the primitive vision: that it does not see the universe, or anything in it, in narrow terms of abrupt distinctions between animate and inanimate, between consciousness and unconsciousness, between matter and mind. We shall say of the moon only that this sister lives in different terms.

Poets and prophets, as well as scientists, have been looking up at the moon for a long, long time. They have stared at those glittering mountains and those fathomless shadowed valleys and, "moonstruck," have journeyed far outside themselves, into an enlargement of vision big enough to bring even the moon within the scope, so to speak, of things dear and familiar. They have given names to the areas of moonland, even as to our own hills and seas and wooded valleys. Science still uses those names in charting the moon's landscape, though it has translated them into Latin. On a moonlit night in April ("the green grass moon"), there is a magic in going outdoors, and forgetting our small selves for a minute or two, and watching the rising of our cold silvery satellite, and remembering those names.

Up there, in that world that shares this universe with us, there is a place called The Sea of Showers. There is another place called The Sea of Clouds. Deep in the heart of that strange, gray land are the Marsh of Sleep and The Lake of Dreams.

THE TOTALITARIAN THREAT TO BRAZIL

BY BRYCE OLIVER

REVOLUTION or civil war threatens much of South America today and the advancing crisis poses some vital questions of policy for the United States. The question of American influence has become a focus of controversy in several of the southern republics. The old cry of "Yankee imperialism" has arisen even in Brazil, which for generations has been a bastion of United States influence in South America.

The "Yankee imperialism" issue is not only basic in the widespread Communist propaganda in Brazil, but it plays an important part in a political campaign launched by Getulio Vargas which could conceivably carry the former dictator back to the presidential palace in Rio de Janeiro well before the next national elections in 1950. Making political capital of a disastrous inflation, the adroit politician who ruled Brazil for fifteen years is basing his comeback attempt on denunciation of "foreign financial agents."

The campaign is creating a tension similar to that which preceded the

coup of 1930, which first brought Vargas to power, and the alarming feature of it from the American viewpoint is the evident willingness of the Communists to cooperate with Vargas. There have been whispers in Rio de Janeiro that President Eurico Gaspar Dutra may be forced to protect the new constitutional government by a military *coup* of his own. In either case — whether by a government *coup* or an anti-government revolt — the democratic political system, restored to Brazil by the overthrow of Vargas, would become a casualty once again.

The political democracy which was restored to Brazil on October 30, 1945, the day Vargas departed from Guanabara Palace, has admittedly failed to live up to its promises. The men who backed the revolt against Vargas may have wanted to make democracy work, but too few of them realized that democracy is something more than universal suffrage. They had little interest in the well-being of Brazil's *João Pobres* (Poor Johns), the people to whom Vargas is now

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talking. Both Vargas and the Communists are telling *João Pobre* that the "new political democracy" is merely a disguised version of the system which had made a farce of popular government before the 1930 revolution.

Unfortunately for the democratic restoration, there is an element of truth in the charge. Among those who backed the anti-Vargas revolt were many who desired only to set back the clock. They included Arturo Bernardes, one of the pre-Vargas presidents who headed régimes which were democratic in name only (most citizens did not even take the trouble to vote).

Disillusioned Brazilians are remembering now that it was Bernardes, not Vargas, who established the nation's first concentration camps. Two other supporters of the democratic restoration were Julio Prestes, a lobbyist for wealthy landowners, and Assis Chateaubriand, a millionaire newspaper-chain publisher who sometimes is called "the Hearst of Brazil."

These men were considered to be part of the "liberal" wing of the anti-Vargas coup. They backed the unsuccessful presidential campaign of Brigadier General Eduardo Gomes, the man most favored by North American interests to succeed Vargas. Gomes, however, was considered anti-labor, and he was defeated by more than a million votes when the PSD (Social Democratic party) and Vargas' PTB (Brazilian Labor party) opposed him.

II

The election of General Dutra, former Minister of War under Vargas, was not quite the victory for "the common man" that press dispatches of the time called it. The reports conveniently overlooked the disconcerting fact that prior to 1942 both Dutra and his Chief of Staff, General Pedro de Góes Monteiro (the latter now Minister of War), had been charged openly in the United States with supporting the pro-Nazi wing of the Vargas administration. Indeed, the War Ministry under Dutra had been held responsible for firing on the students who demonstrated for war against Hitler when Paris fell to the Germans.

Ineffective, colorless (despite the general's uniform which he still wears on occasion) and vacillating, Dutra already has been assailed in the influential Rio de Janeiro newspaper, *Correia da Manhã*, as an "incompetent bungler [who has] aided Tories, profiteers and grafters." Instead of grappling with the financial and economic problems which have contributed to the expansion of Communism, he has resorted to bayonets and tanks. He provides a perfect target for Vargas to shoot at.

That is the tragedy of the democratic "restoration." From the standpoint of the United States, the tragedy is all the more poignant because the former American ambassador, Adolph Berle, somehow managed to involve our own interests in the situation. Shortly before the anti-Vargas coup

Berle predicted publicly, and with remarkable prescience, that Brazil would have a democratic system of government "soon." The Vargas adherents now claim that this constituted an advance blessing from Washington for the conspirators who brought about the present situation. Thus the United States has been associated in the popular mind with a *coup d'état* which is currently blamed for economic ills so serious that a crash is widely predicted. According to Bernard S. Van Rensselaer, former chief of the Brazil section of the Foreign Economic Administration, much of the distress is due to the failure of the United States to supply Brazil's war-expanded industries with sufficient goods and materials.

Primed by American dollars, Brazilian industry mushroomed during the war and must now adjust itself to the freedom-of-trade philosophy championed by the United States. A certain amount of shrinkage was inevitable, but since the anti-Vargas *coup* occurred before the full force of the readjustment could be felt, the situation lends itself to anti-government attacks.

Severe price inflation, with which wage advances have not kept pace, is contributing to the discontent. Today, in the small towns, the standard meal of black beans, dried beef and rice may cost the workman the equivalent of \$50 a month for a family of five. His take-home pay, after tax and social security deductions, averages about \$100 a month if he is a

skilled worker. In the large cities the cost of living runs about 60 per cent higher. Prices on the whole are running four and five times above the 1942 level.

For all of this it is popular to blame not only the new government but *os Ianquis*. (Didn't *os Ianquis* strip the country of supplies?) The wheels of war-inflated industries are slowing down and unemployment is appearing. *Os Ianquis* are supposed to be responsible for that, too. (Are not the "foreign financial agents" trying to prevent Brazil from competing as an industrial nation? Are not *os Ianquis* fearful that the great new Volta Redonda steel mills will deprive Pittsburgh of a big South American market? Getulio Vargas says they are and Getulio should know.) "Brazil," Vargas said in a recent speech, "is being ruled by a capitalist democracy, comfortably installed in power, which facilitates trusts, monopolies and black markets and exploits the misery of the people. After I left the government it became a democracy of cannibals who devoured each other and abandoned the fundamental problems of the country. . . . It is a democracy which has fled from the vote."

This kind of propaganda is spread thickly. A number of Vargas supporters remain in key government positions. Of six thousand *delegacoes* (special police appointed by Vargas) the majority remain in service, and those who do not hope to regain their jobs when Getulio marches back to Guanabara Palace. By and large the

press and radio are not favorable to Vargas, but outside of the large cities few read the newspapers or own a radio. Consequently, the word-of-mouth propaganda passed on by Vargas partisans is extremely influential.

Recently Vargas broke the press front against him by purchasing the Rio de Janeiro newspaper *O Democracia*, popular with government employees. These employees have been hard hit by the inflation, but when Congress reconvened last year to give the government "moral support," it could not find the funds to vote them the annual Christmas bonus. Two thousand of them almost mobbed Getulio, and many tried to kiss him, when he made his first speech as a senator and contrasted conditions under his own administration with the present.

III

In these troubled waters many expert anglers are fishing. There is Vargas himself and there is also Juan D. Perón, President of Argentina. And there is the Brazilian Communist Party, the largest CP in any country of the Western Hemisphere, including the United States.

Many Brazilians believe that the future of the country lies in firm ties with Argentina. These people inveigh against the curtailment of steel and tire production at a time when Argentina is combing the world markets for steel and tires. And what is blocking an Argentine deal? ask the Vargas people. The answer comes readily:

the United States is opposing Perón and wants Brazil to do likewise. What this means is that if Vargas comes back the long-feared Argentine bloc, and its challenge to Monroeism, will have become a reality.

Augmenting the spreading disapproval of economic (and political) ties to the United States is the belief, expertly exploited by Soviet propaganda, that the United States is heading into a financial crash. Even the wealthy coffee planters are asking if it is wise to hitch their prospects to an American market which may break within the year. They have listened to Communist propaganda which tells them that the Soviet Union is planning soon to import millions of bags of Brazilian coffee.

There are some neat parallels between the Vargas campaign statements and the Communist Party line, which is imported by short-wave radio from Moscow and hammered out by a few small but relatively influential Party newspapers. A recent article in *Pravda* which was widely quoted throughout South America asserted that United States capitalism is seeking to "enslave" South Americans. It charged that there exists an American plan to eliminate competitors "completely or almost completely." This line almost exactly duplicates the idea that Vargas hammers home (without mentioning the United States by name) when he inveighs against "foreign financial agents."

Recently the American press has

reflected a mounting anxiety over the spread of Communism in Latin America and especially in Brazil. The special success of the CP in Brazil is due, at least in part, to the widespread popularity of the Party leader, Senator (General) Luis Carlos Prestes. Despite his political affiliation, he is a popular national hero, often called, even by non-Communists, *O Cavaleiro d'Esperança* (The Knight of Hope).

Prestes is an anomaly. One eminent Brazilian authority, Dr. Hernane Tavares de Sá, who formerly served as Brazilian adviser to Nelson Rockefeller, believes that only two Brazilians stand out as "truly national figures" — Vargas and Prestes. In May 1945, when Prestes received his freedom after ten years in prison, he was given a tumultuous public welcome. At that time the Party strength in Communist-hating Brazil was a bare 4000. Within fourteen months it was up to 130,000, a strong Communist Party in any country. Five months later, in the elections of December 2, 1945, the CP polled a total of almost 600,000 votes — 10 per cent of the entire vote cast. They elected Prestes to the Senate easily and captured fifteen seats in the Chamber of Deputies.

Prestes does not spend much time preaching Marxist doctrine. Newspaper observers believe he aims at a Brazilian "Popular Front"; there are many indications that the Communists will march for Vargas when the time comes, whether Vargas ac-

cepts them formally or not. In many of the heated campaigns for the state legislatures last January, the Communist Party acted jointly with the PTB, of which Vargas is honorary president. Although Vargas was elected senator on the ticket of the PSD (now the administration party), it was the PTB which provided him a sounding board when he threw his hat back into the ring with the declaration: "I have chosen between the powerful and the humble and prefer the latter."

IV

The old saw about politics and strange bedfellows is nowhere more applicable than in Brazil, where a Vargas and a Prestes can collaborate. It should be remembered that Prestes spent ten years in prison with the — at least tacit — approval of Vargas. How can Prestes bring himself to abet the return of the dictator?

The first point to bear in mind is that major decisions of CP policy are made, not by Prestes, but by the Politbureau in Moscow. If Moscow had decided that curtailment of United States influence in the Western Hemisphere was the most important task confronting the Latin-American Parties then the Prestes-Vargas alignment would make sense. Is this what Moscow ordered? The newly-found Russian friendship for a fascist, anti-American régime in Argentina lends plausibility to this explanation.

There are other possible explana-

tions of the riddle, but at least part of the answer rests upon the following framework of facts: (1) the Dutra administration used troops to force the Santos dockworkers to load ships for Franco Spain; (2) government troops fired on Communists who had assembled in an open square in Rio de Janeiro to celebrate the anniversary of a Vargas decree granting legal status to the Communist Party; (3) at the request of a few Army officers in high places, more than a thousand government employees who were merely suspected of harboring Communist sympathies were discharged; (4) much public sentiment remains with Vargas because of his well-advertised friendship with the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose name is still political magic in Brazil.

Another part of the answer is more personal and historic. Not many Americans have heard of the epic march of the celebrated Prestes Column through 15,000 miles of Brazilian jungle in 1924-27. And even fewer realize that this march was the initial stage of the revolution of 1930, which swept Vargas into the presidency.

There is a circle of loyalties which grew out of the march of the *Columna Prestes*, which affects both Vargas and Prestes. When the latter, then a colonel of engineers, launched the 1924 revolt in Pernambuco, he attracted to himself some of the most daring and politically-conscious young officers in the Brazilian Army. They were easily defeated, but they swore to stick together and go on fighting

for the reforms they considered essential. The story of the march has often been compared to the march of the Eighth Route Army across China. When the *Columna Prestes*, ragged, starving and hunted, reached the southern state of Rio Grande do Sul, Prestes and his young *Tenientes* (lieutenants) found a refuge where they could go underground, lick their wounds, and continue the struggle. It was the state of which Getulio Vargas was governor.

For two years the underground *Tenientes* helped to organize squabbling minor parties in Rio Grande do Sul, Paraiba and Minas Gerais into the solid National Liberal Alliance. The Alliance fought the well-established custom of permitting an outgoing president to choose his successor without regard to the voters.

When the *Tenientes* struck, in 1930, and Vargas went to Rio de Janeiro, Prestes was not yet a Communist. He was the only important member of the *Columna Prestes* who did not follow Vargas into office at Rio, where many of the ex-*Tenientes* contributed to the financial scandals of the régime. Shortly thereafter Prestes turned to the Communist Party, and after spending three years in Moscow, returned to Brazil and launched the Communist revolution of 1935. For this (but on a technical charge of murder) he spent the next ten years in prison.

Some insiders have insisted that Vargas personally deplored the apparent necessity of jailing Prestes,

but bowed to the political requirement that he consolidate the support of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Events have suggested that Prestes understood Vargas' position. In any case, when he was finally released, Prestes issued a statement condemning the dictatorship of Argentina's Perón but describing the dictatorship of Vargas as beneficent. Since then, Prestes has said nothing about Perón, a fact which has led to the belief that the Communists would not constitute an obstacle to a Brazilian-Argentine rapprochement under Vargas. Dutra, according to Prestes, "is just a military man with reactionary tendencies."

Prestes has stated publicly that he is willing to form a coalition with the man who imprisoned him, but "it is up to Vargas." If Americans want to know what this would mean to us, they have only to reflect that Prestes has expressed the conviction that any conflict between the United States and Russia could only be a war of American imperialism. One may judge from this where at least one half of South America would stand with regard to Soviet relations if Vargas, now openly condemning dem-

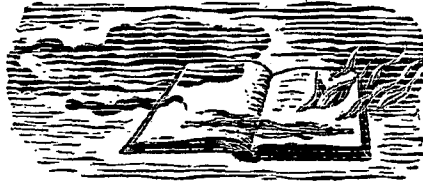
ocratic capitalism, returned to Guanabara Palace with the aid of the CP.

Until recently, the powerful influence of the hierarchy has held back Vargas from making any formal coalition with Prestes. But in the last few months a split within the Church has weakened its influence. The split reached serious proportions when the influential Bishop of Maura, the Most Reverend Dom Carlos Duarte Costa, was excommunicated. The Bishop had written a laudatory preface for the Brazilian edition of *The Soviet Power*, by Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. With a denunciation of the hierarchy that has shaken all Brazil, the Bishop has now called for the separation of the Brazilian Church from the Vatican, and has established the Catholic Apostolic Brazilian Church with himself as Bishop of Rio de Janeiro.

This rift opens the way for the *Tenientes* who still surround Vargas to devise a formula for his coalition with Prestes. And if Vargas, like Barkis, "is willin'," the next few years, or even months, may see the explosive development in South America of a strange new diplomatic frontier for the United States.



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THE ROOSEVELT LITERATURE

by **RICHARD H. ROVERE**

IT IS now just two years since the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and history, his mistress, is having her way with him. Those of us who watched him while he was alive and can now observe what time does to his name and reputation have the chance to be instructed by a spectacle that has, up to now, been seen by only two generations of Americans: those who lived on after Washington and those who lived on after Lincoln. For it seems certain that Roosevelt will join that select company rather than the lesser galaxy that includes Jefferson, Jackson, Lee, Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. His life and his words will be picked over and brooded upon as Lincoln's and Washington's have been.

Happily, though, there are as yet no signs of any serious attempt to deify him. For a while, in the first

few days after his death, when the warring nation was miraculously hushed and there were no sounds over the airwaves except echoes of him, it looked as though he were a genuine Dying God, something out of Frazer. But that was for a few days only. When one takes thought of the rôle of Washington and Lincoln as ghostly third parties to debates held decade after they died, a certain added significance attaches to the fact that or the first of this year Harry S. Truman stopped talking in the name of Roosevelt and began to speak in his own name, or at least in the unpersonified names of Welfare and Virtue. Up to then, Truman had not once addressed Congress or the people without giving humble assurances that what he was asking was only what our departed leader would have wanted and asked. But in Truman's several messages to the Eightieth Congress there was not a single mention of Roosevelt. Five, ten or twenty years from now, Roosevelt may become as

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issue again, but today, two years after Roosevelt's death, Truman, not the sturdiest of men, is standing alone.

In the course of some reasonably extensive researches of my own, I have come across only one real Dying God note. That was struck, as anyone might easily have anticipated, by Senator Claude Pepper of Florida. "Do not," the Honorable Pepper, with almost classic gratuitousness, implored an audience of fur workers in New York on the day before the last election, "do not turn your backs upon him because his golden voice is no longer with us. The spiritual eyes of this great savior and emancipator will be looking inside the ballot boxes tomorrow to see how you mark your ballots." In his appearances before youth forums and men's study clubs, the self-appointed St. Paul, Henry A. Wallace, has probably launched a few like that, but then, just as Pepper is Pepper, so Wallace is Wallace.

The air, in other words, has been reasonably clear, and it looks, not merely to mix metaphors but to mangle them cruelly, as though our view of the forest will not be obstructed by very many cherry trees. This may be a tribute to national indifference and ambivalence, on the one hand, or to national maturity and modern communications, on the other. I should suppose it to be the latter. In any case, in the Roosevelt literature that has been accumulating recently, there is only one suggestion of Parson Weems. That, of course, is the President's eldest son but one, Elliott, who

has tried, in *As He Saw It* [\$3.00. Duell, Sloan and Pearce] to construct an image of his father in the likeness of Ralph Ingersoll. It could well be, though I am not among those who think so, that Franklin Roosevelt needs some cutting down to size, but he surely cannot be shrunk that much, and Elliott's enterprise miscarried almost as soon as it was undertaken. As for the rest of the Roosevelt books, they are all of them useful and enlightening, though they vary greatly in scope and grasp. Miss Perkins' *The Roosevelt I Knew* [\$3.75. Viking] has the furthest insights and the broadest view. Louis Adamic's *Dinner at the White House* [\$2.50. Harper] recounts the events of but a single evening, and at that half of the book is given over to some very tentative musings on the author's part; nevertheless, it captures, with impressive skill the character of the Roosevelts and the atmosphere of their life in Washington. One can take it for that, and take or leave alone Mr. Adamic's militant pan-Slavism, which brings him out at about the same point as Elliott. Admiral McIntyre's *White House Physician* [\$3.00. Putnam] deals principally with the state of Roosevelt's health from 1933 to 1945, but it appears to do so with as much candor as can be expected and thus, since Roosevelt's health was so frequently a political issue, has considerable documentary value. It also deals briefly with each of the Big Three conferences, and if the Admiral reports accurately on

what the President told him about Stalin and Churchill, then it would appear that Roosevelt had one story for his doctor and one for his son. This seems rather unlikely. Admiral McIntyre, to judge from his book, is a modest man and one not greatly gifted with imagination.

II

Miss Perkins' book is the only one of the group that might be worth reading for the sake of its author rather than solely for the sake of its subject. It is a book of genuine feeling and spirit, gallant in manner and engagingly unpretentious in style. It reveals a great deal of Roosevelt as he was seen by a person who had the equipment, perhaps the only such equipment possessed by anyone close to him, for getting at character with an almost literary penetration and for interpreting acts against their cultural background. Finely-etched pictures and small but valuable insights are scattered all over the book. It strikes me that with one anecdote she has perhaps come the closest of anybody to giving us the real spirit of the Roosevelt-Churchill relationship. This is the story of the President taking the Prime Minister to a Methodist rather than an Anglican church one Christmas morning and saying that "It is good for Winston to sing hymns with the Methodys." On the whole, Miss Perkins' book is better for its pictures of Roosevelt in the years before he went to Albany and in the years he was there than for the years

in Washington. In Washington she was not among the very closest of his associates; in New York and Albany she was. Her pictures of several phases of Roosevelt's education — notably his learning of the lot of the poor and of the elements of trade-unionism from Rose Schneiderman and Maude Schwartz — are superb as picture and exceedingly valuable as aids to the understanding of his character and opinions.

Alden Hatch's *Franklin D. Roosevelt* [\$3.00. Holt] is an odd case. It is the first full biography of Roosevelt since his death and thus, by definition, the first full biography. I read it through under the impression that it was a book for boys — the twelve-to-seventeen group perhaps. The advertising it has received since publication has taught me that I was in error; it is intended for boys and girls of all ages. It is what the publishers call "fictionalized biography" — that is biography in which the author strives for verisimilitude by having the subject and his associates talk to one another. ("Have you people done anything about nuclear fission?" Roosevelt asked when he was alone with Churchill and Harry Hopkins.") I was because, after reading a good many of these conversations, I found myself saying "gosh" and "golly" all over the place, just as Roosevelt did that I supposed I was reading literature written to entertain, instruct and scrub down the language of grooving young Americans.

Naturally, a book in which the

author has set his own inventions alongside the structure of fact cannot ordinarily be accepted as a contribution to historical scholarship. The historian's guild has been unanimous in insulting Mr. Hatch for being so presumptuous and in asserting the utter worthlessness of his book and all others like it. But the historians may have missed something of importance. As I say, Mr. Hatch's book is an odd case. Though he admits fabricating dialogue, he says that he has checked his basic facts as carefully as possible and that he was satisfied only with authority of the highest kind. In his foreword, he acknowledges the assistance he has had from a number of altogether impressive experts — Mrs. Roosevelt, President Truman, Admiral Leahy, Judge Rosenman and several others. I rather wish the historians' guild would go to work on Mr. Hatch's assertion that on the day of the Russo-German pact, Roosevelt made up his mind that the United States would eventually have to enter the war. Mr. Hatch says that he checked this particular fact with special care. "In every case the reply fixed the time within a few weeks of that day," he says.

His book is filled with a number of such stoppers. It may well be that, made-up conversations or no, the first biographer caught his collaborators off guard and picked up some valuable material. Conceivably he has the answer to the problem of Elliott. "Mrs. Roosevelt was most helpful,"

he says in the foreword. "She personally read considerable portions of the manuscript which concerned her intimately. James Roosevelt read the entire manuscript and checked it for errors of fact." Then, on page 126: "Elliott was a headstrong boy who needed a firm hand." And on page 152: "Elliott was the most difficult [of the children]."

III

The Roosevelt literature we now have is not of much help to us in as-saying his deeds or the policies with which he was identified. It casts little light on the origins of the New Deal or on its probable consequences. Our views of these matters must be formed either from our present knowledge of the times and the deeds themselves or, later on, from the consequences as they reveal themselves and from the kind of informed and reflective history we shall be getting a few years from now. Memoirs are partial and partisan. They are, however, more useful by far than the later work of scholars when we are taking the measure of a man as a man. With our living memories, with the memoirs we now have, and with those we shall soon have — from Churchill, Mrs. Roosevelt, Morgenthau, Hull, Ickes, Farley, Flynn, and the Hopkins estate — our generation can see Roosevelt as a human being better than we saw him while he was alive and better than he will ever be seen by the future.

For certain limited purposes, a man

may be divided into two parts: mind and spirit. These abstractions, semantically treacherous as they may sometimes be, are at least handles by which some human problems may be rudely grasped. The more one looks at Roosevelt, the plainer it becomes that, to the extent that he emerges from his time as a triumphant figure, the triumph was not one of mind but, almost unadulteratedly, of spirit. There was nothing exceptional about his mind. It was quick and clear, and it worked directly, but it was not fine in texture. It had not been cultivated with great care or tenderness. It was filled mostly with almanac stuff. "He had," Miss Perkins writes, "an amazing amount of information about the height of mountains and the depth of oceans, the rivers and their sources and the plains they watered." It was in many ways an indolent and philistine mind. "He read Elsie Clews Parsons' book on the family," Miss Perkins also says, in the course of some remarks on how little else he had read, "because he knew Elsie Parsons, and he used to refer to it laughingly as 'a lot of words,' saying that he knew what a family was and didn't have to read a long book about it. But he thought it amusing that a girl he knew could write such a heavyweight book."

It has been said many times — Miss Perkins is the most recent to say it — that his mind had some rare absorptive quality, that although he lacked familiarity with ideas and generated few of them himself, he had

a way of getting the substance of ideas from others and turning them to his own uses. I do not doubt that he had such a capacity and that the capacity is a valuable one. But I submit that there is nothing particularly rare about it and that it explains only a fraction of the man. The ability to pick the brains of others is almost a distinguishing characteristic of the successful politician. It does not set one apart from the other but stands as the common possession of most. It is not their distinction but their franchise. This may not be so often the case in Europe, where men and parties generally represent fairly pure philosophic strains, but it is manifestly the case in America, where the art of politics is a juggler's art and every politician strives to keep elements from several philosophies in the air at once. Brain-picking is not even an exclusively political gift. The journalist, too, can do it; so can most business executives. True, it takes taste of a sort and discrimination to surround oneself with good intellects at which to pluck. Roosevelt found good intellects as a rule, more so perhaps in the early days than in the later ones, but he did not develop the knack of selectivity alone and unaided. For one thing, the knack has for centuries been part of the equipment of his class. Those who have been patrons of learning and the arts have traditionally bestowed their bounties on the great poets and painters, not on the authors of penny creadfuls or the curbstome artists.

But his uniqueness of spirit is beyond question. The term perhaps needs refinement. He did not have the deep inner resources that Lincoln had. His religious instincts, though genuine, were neither as profound nor as subtle as Lincoln's; Lincoln prayed God for mercy and charity; Roosevelt, never questioning that God's purposes and his were one, prayed merely for assistance. Roosevelt's inner strength was something rather more modern: he had security, in the Freudian, not the neo-Marxian, meaning of the term. He had a great abundance of it, and whether it came as the result of his victory over paralysis, which is now the conventional explanation and, to my mind, the superficial one (what, if this is the story, gave him the strength with which to achieve that victory?), or whether it came as the result of his childhood environment and the kind of education he had, it was there. One of the qualities we associate so often with him was his ability to set people at ease and to maneuver them into his service; unless our psychology is almost without foundation, this is the gift that accompanies emotional security and certitude. And security was, of course, the thing that the country most wanted while Roosevelt dominated its life. That is not to say it was all the country needed. It was not, by any means. Insecurity (again, not economic insecurity) was not our trouble, but it was the symptom of it, and Roosevelt oozed security in every syllable he spoke and every gesture of

his hand and head. Henry Steele Commager has suggested that it was not what Roosevelt did, not this policy or that or all the policies combined, that gave the country its great lift in 1933 but the enormous self-confidence which Roosevelt himself felt and which he managed somehow to infuse into those who watched him and listened to him. There is recognition, I think of the great want and of the gift that filled it in the fact that the most enduring of all his words is the line from the first inaugural about "nothing to fear but fear itself."

The freightage of these words is almost purely emotional. Break them down and see. Does it really mean anything to say, except when one is addressing a neurotic, that there is nothing to fear but fear? In 1933, and in 1941, when he repeated the famous words, there were a great many things to be feared. If those things had been wholly within our control, it might make some sense to say that we had nothing to fear but fear itself. But the known dangers were not altogether within our control then any more than they are today. It was not that we knew what to do and were somehow inhibited from doing it; it was that we did *not* know what to do, a far more serious matter. It was the tone of confidence in Roosevelt's words that counted; it was the tone one seeks after when one is trying to reassure a child in the face of danger by saying that the danger does not really exist. It takes an accomplished parent to get that tone.

IV

It worked for Roosevelt, though, and it was fortunate for us that it did. It is difficult now for us to remember how great our extremity was in 1933; we can recall the bank holiday, which was dramatic and something of a lark, but it is harder now to take seriously the rumblings about secession in the northwest states, which was serious talk by desperate men, or to believe that there really were sheriffs' sales at which horses went for a nickel each and automobiles for sixty cents. He jolted us out of that. It was not the perfect therapy, to be sure. It is better to answer problems than to deny their reality, better to have a program than a series of stopgaps. But there is no question that Roosevelt led us, in the critical periods, mostly by the power of a personal dynamic. To that extent he resembled the dictators.

But I think that is the whole extent of the resemblance. As I have read the Roosevelt literature and mulled over his career, I have had constantly in mind the talk of his dictatorial aspirations that began in the mid-thirties and has not yet ended. It was foolish talk, of course, because, except for the Hundred Days that followed March 4, 1933, there was never a time when the balance of forces was in the peculiar adjustment that allows dictatorship. But it was foolish, also, because of the man involved. I can find nowhere any acceptable evidence that he had authoritarian visions of himself, that he ever did any

thing deliberately to strengthen himself as a father image. No doubt he loved power. It came easily to him, and he had a gift for exercising it. But the love of power and the hot passion to wield it absolutely are two different things. They characterize two different types of men and have two distinct meanings to society. Democracy may wither under the blows of men trying to satisfy the urge for absolute power, but without men who enjoy power and work to gain it, democracy would find no leaders.

There were elements in Roosevelt's character that excluded the hot passion. He was gay and often frivolous. Dictators are uniformly dour. Roosevelt gave a great deal of himself to his own amusement. Philately may or may not be a juvenile hobby, but it is certainly not a pastime for a man consumed with self-aggrandizement. It is difficult to picture Stalin or Hitler taking time out from the power game to paste stamps in stamp albums. Most important of all, perhaps, Roosevelt had genuine humility of a kind. It was not the humility of a man who asserts his own insignificance before an omnipotent God or an ineluctible cosmos. Roosevelt had a high opinion of himself and of his own capacities, but he did not exaggerate his own importance in the general scheme of things. One is repeatedly impressed, in reading Admiral McIntyre's book and some of the recent magazine articles by the secret service men who guarded him, of how heedless he was of his own well-being. Compare Sta-

lin's timorousness about leaving Russia and the armored legions which made up the personal retinues of both Hitler and Stalin with Roosevelt's casualness in going anywhere on earth, his annoyance with all efforts to guard him against assassination, and his unconcern over the dangers of hazardous travel, physical strain, and the pestilences of overcrowded Oriental cities. Unless, as seems quite improbable, he felt that his own safety had been underwritten by destiny, he did not attach to his own existence the importance that so many of his followers, particularly among the liberals, have attached to it since his death. Admiral McIntyre writes of

him as his own worst enemy. He claims that Roosevelt's loss of weight, so noticeable in every picture during the last months of his life, was not the result of illness or overwork but of the President's refusal to eat enough. And the refusal to eat enough was not because he found food distasteful: "A talk with the White House cook convinced me that he was cutting down on his diet deliberately. He gave the explanation that a lower poundage made walking easier, but I knew that the real reason was pride in his flat stomach." It was a petty vanity, and he was full of them. Dictators and Dying Gods are filled with great vanities, not petty ones.

EVENING PRAYER OF A LITTLE GIRL

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

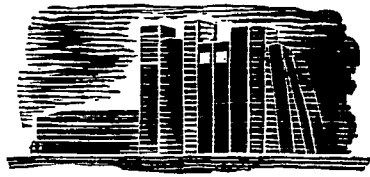
Make it day time
All the time.
Let me jump and run
Near the sun.

Let me play
With mountains
And sing,
"High, low,
Go away,
Like a pretty lady
Yesterday."

All the time
Make it day time.

Now I go to sleep.

THE CHECK LIST



THE SCIENCES

FAMILY SKELETONS, by David D. Whitney. \$4.00. *Nebraska*. As a popular report on the latest researches in the field of the transmission of hereditary characteristics, this volume leaves nothing to be desired. It is clearly written and profusely and intelligently illustrated, there are many helpful bibliographical notes for further study, a glossary of inherited abnormalities and diseases, and a good index. Dr. Whitney is professor of zoology at the University of Nebraska.

YOUR RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHES, by Joseph D. Wassersug, M.D. \$2.50. *Wilfred Funk*. Dr. Wassersug's medical articles are well known to readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, to which he is a frequent contributor. He is reliable and he writes clearly. In this book he presents for popular consumption discussions of rheumatism, bursitis, neuralgia, neuritis, gout, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, myalgia, back pain, ruptured discs, and rheumatic fever. In the case of each of these ailments Dr. Wassersug gives the usual symptoms, the methods of diagnosis, and the most recent and most successful treatment. Wherever special diets have proved helpful, he gives them.

JEALOUSY, A Psychiatric Study, by Boris Sokoloff, M.D. \$2.50. *Howell, Soskin*. In this thorough study of jealousy from the psychosomatic point of view, Dr. Sokoloff stresses that (1) jealousy exists in the absence of love, and (2) that extreme jealousy lies on the borderline of insanity. From the many fascinating case histories given, it appears that this mental illness frequently results in murder or self-destruction. Dr. Sokoloff advocates that jealousy not be suppressed, but brought

into the open and treated as a definite psychopathic condition.

BIOGRAPHY

LIKE MOONLIGHT ON SNOW, by John Hewlett. \$3.50. *McBride*. This is the life story of Simon Patino, a half-breed Bolivian pauper, who accidentally discovered the greatest tin deposit in the world and converted his discovery into one of the world's greatest fortunes. Mr. Hewlett has interlarded his biographical facts with some revealing data about social, economic and political conditions in Latin America. He has handled his naturally-dramatic material with commendable restraint; indeed there are times when his passing allusions to persons serve only to kindle an appetite, which the author unfortunately does not satisfy.

TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT, The Story of an Invincible Edwardian, by Clare Leighton. \$3.50. *Rinehart*. The well-known wood engraver writes enchantingly of her family at the turn of the century. Her mother wrote melodramatic serials for Lord Northcliffe while her father wrote boys' adventure stories. They both wrote at the same table, for her father was deaf, and her mother could write and dictate to her secretary at the same time. The table was littered with bundles containing outlines of serials, newspaper clippings, and odd pieces of underwear for her mother believed that "the surest way to catch pneumonia is to wear underclothes that have not been properly aired." On the other hand her mother was a great romantic who had to have her admirers and dress in the latest fashion, and was always giving her daughter advice on how to enchant the opposite sex.

AN AMERICAN DYNASTY, by John Tebbel. \$3.00. *Doubleday*. Here is the first thorough analysis of the careers of the McCormicks, Medills, and Pattersons, and of their newspaper empire. Mr. Tebbel sticks close to the facts — his book is filled with information that will be new to many readers, including a large number of specialists in the field of journalism — but he does not pretend to be without opinions of his own. Indeed, he has very definite opinions. He thinks that the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Washington Times-Herald*, and the *New York Daily News*, together with the Hearst newspapers, the Gannett chain, and the Scripps-Howard chain, "have, at one time or another, used their news columns freely to promulgate editorial policies; none of them has hesitated to distort and slant the news when it suited its political purposes." He admits Joseph Medill's contributions to American political history and he lists them as "factors in saving the Union. Yet, having helped save it, Medill and his *Tribune* did little to preserve it thereafter." Of the present generation of the family, there is little to be said to its credit, for the thinking behind the papers is "to blame at least in part for the continued political existence of such men as Gerald L. K. Smith, Senator Theodore Bilbo, Representative Clare Hoffman and John Rankin; and such institutions as the Christian Front. . . ." Altogether a noteworthy contribution to the realms of journalistic history and criticism. There are many illustrations.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

ECONOMIC FREEDOM FOR THE WEST, by Wendell Berge. \$2.50. *Nebraska*. By "the west," the former Assistant Attorney General of the United States means the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast. As former chief of the Antitrust Division, he is naturally concerned here with combatting monopolies in the expanded Western industries, and he has included in the discussion such problems as a Missouri Valley Authority (which he favors), discrimination in freight rates and the disposal of the industrial facilities built by the government during the war. It is perhaps not unfair to say that Mr. Berge is rapidly becoming the Ellis Arnall of the West.

OUR FAIR CITY, edited by Robert S. Allen. \$3.50. *Vanguard*. Mr. Allen's thesis is that "while our victorious armies are imposing democracy on millions in Europe and the Far East, local government here at home is a reeking shambles of corruption, incompetence, waste, and misrule. There was scarcely a city in Nazi Germany or jingoist Japan that was not managed more efficiently and intelligently than comparable communities in the United States." This is an exaggerated view of American municipal government, but there is considerable truth in it. Mr. Allen has asked a group of able writers to discuss, from every major angle, seventeen of the more important communities of this country — Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Miami, Birmingham, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Butte, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles. The book as a whole makes lively reading, though some of the chapters are written in the superficial manner of Sunday-supplement newspaper features. A more vigorous and perhaps more knowing editorial hand would have insisted on much rewriting. One of the better chapters, that on Butte, by Joseph Kinsey Howard, has appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, in abbreviated form. The volume sadly lacks an index.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE WORLD AND AFRICA, *An Inquiry into the Part which Africa Has Played in World History*, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. \$3.00. *Viking*. It might have seemed rather futile to try to compress the history of a continent into 261 pages, but Mr. Du Bois' volume has the justification that virtually all of its content will seem fresh to the layman. He begins with a passionate denunciation of the slave trade and then goes on to sketch in the ethnography of Africa and the histories of Egypt, Central Africa, the Sudan and the Gold Coast. Taken as a plea for racial justice or as the story of a continent which is still "dark" to most Americans, the book is well worth reading.

UNDERSTANDING THE RUSSIANS, *A Study of Soviet Life and Culture*, edited by Bernhard J. Stern and Samuel Smith. \$2.75. *Barnes &*

Noble. Understanding the Russians is a simple matter for the editors of this anthology: all that one must do is take Soviet claims at their face value. In line with this premise, Messrs Stern and Smith have compiled fifty essays about Soviet life from such sources as the Russian Embassy *Information Bulletin*, the speeches of Stalin and Molotov, and the writings of such "widely respected" authorities as Hewlett Johnson, Harry F. Ward, Maurice Hindus and Edgar Snow. A number of photographs are provided, showing Russian citizens in various attitudes of delight.

THROUGH RUSSIA'S BACK DOOR, by Richard E. Lauterbach. \$2.75. *Harper*. Mr. Lauterbach's second book will probably not achieve the popularity of his *These Are the Russians*, which was offered as a bonus with subscriptions to the *Daily Worker*. Whereas the first book hewed to the Party line consistently, this one effects a sort of compromise: instead of picturing the Soviet Union as a land of unadulterated socialist triumphs, Mr. Lauterbach takes note of a few of the unpleasant realities of life in a police state. But in the end he finds that Communism and democracy can live together in peace; that Russian intransigence is no worse than our own; and that if we had given the atomic bomb to Stalin, Russian "suspicion" of the United States would have evaporated. There are a number of interesting photographs.

HISTORY

LEARNING HOW TO BEHAVE, *A Historical Study of American Etiquette Books*, by Arthur M. Schlesinger. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Based on the general thesis that "manners not only make the man but, to a surprising degree, also a people," this brief but amazingly comprehensive survey makes enlightening and, at times, hilarious reading. It is, indeed, as charming and readable an historical volume as has appeared in decades. Dr. Schlesinger has obviously delved deeply into the realm of etiquette literature, and he writes with precision, grace, and clarity. He doubtless has more to say on the subject than appears in this small volume, and it is to be hoped that he will soon favor readers with another book in the same

field. A good bibliography and index round out a first-rate performance.

LINCOLN'S WAR CABINET, by Burton J. Hendrick. \$5.00. *Little, Brown*. Of original material there is probably very little in this book, but it doubtless contains the essence of the individual studies of the men who advised Lincoln officially. Besides, it is admirably organized and the writing is excellent. Mr. Hendrick, an able biographer, who has hitherto generally confined himself to the treatment of people more respectable than truly distinguished, does not contribute much in the way of analysis, either of Lincoln or of any members of his Cabinet. He is properly amazed at Lincoln's shrewdness and diplomacy, and appalled by the cheapness and ambition of such men as Chase and Stanton, but he does not go a great deal beyond amazement. There are many illustrations.

ECONOMICS

THE COMING CRISIS, by Fritz Sternberg. \$3.50. *John Day*. At no time during the thirties was the United States able to utilize all its productive resources, and the result was chronic mass unemployment. Now, at the end of the war, our productive capacity is 50 per cent greater, and Mr. Sternberg believes it is more than ever unlikely that we shall find enough markets to keep our industry going full blast. As a result, he believes, there will be a worse crash than in 1929, and this one will sound the death-knell for world capitalism. Mr. Sternberg's book could be of great value in dispelling any unthinking optimism about America's future, but in his hosannas to Soviet "socialism," and in his failure to recognize any threat to this country except unemployment he has virtually aligned himself with the totalitarians. In a book whose author continually stresses the connection between political and economic problems, it is rather dismaying that the word "democracy" should not once appear.

OUT OF YOUR POCKET, by Darel McConkey. \$1.00. *Pamphlet Press*. The author, a veteran of three years on the staff of the cartel-investigating Kilgore Committee, explains a complex subject in layman's language with clarity

and occasional flashes of humor. He charges that cartels maintain excessive prices, limit production, act as enemies of independent enterprise, restrict invention, and hinder technological progress. He reveals the dangers of their devotion to business. He urges Americans to combat the cartel system; and he feels that once the citizen knows how he is being cheated, effective action will be taken. He advocates price control over cartel articles.

FICTION

CHILDREN OF VIENNA, by Robert Neumann. \$2.75. *Dutton*. This grim story concerns the struggle for survival of a band of urchins in shattered Vienna. Under the impact of the war they have become cynical and amoral: one of the girls is a prostitute, and all of them have become used to lying, stealing and even murdering. An American pastor, a Negro, undertakes to reform them. At first he proceeds in the conventional, sermonizing manner, but when this inevitably fails he finds a more practical approach. Neumann has written a deeply moving story, one which, despite an occasional descent into the theatrical, will probably strike most readers as honest.

DUNKERLEYS, by Howard Spring. \$2.50. *Harper*. Mr. Spring, who wrote *My Son, My Son!* and *Hard Facts* is back with another glimpse into what is supposedly English life in the nineties. His milieu, this time, is the publishing empire created by Daniel Dunkerley, who, starting as a modest printer, ends as the czar of British journalism, and as might be expected, with a knighthood to boot. Revolving about Sir Daniel and his journalistic domain are most of the familiar Victorian faces: Alex Dillworth, who has gone places, but at a price; Alec's sister, Elsie, who has been jilted, but who sublimates her unhappiness in the hope of becoming a brilliant musician, a hope which is ruined by an accident to her arm; and finally the priggish Theodore Crystal, once a poor man of God, but now almost a bishop and the husband of Dunkerley's rich niece. Mr. Spring writes well and he is an adept craftsman. He displays his characters interestingly enough, but when the end is reached their thin surface becomes apparent.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE METROPOLITAN LIFE, *A Study in Business Growth*, by Marquis James. \$5.00. *Viking*. One of the younger life insurance companies — it was founded in 1868 — the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, started very modestly, but in the past few decades has grown so rapidly that it is now "the world's largest concentration of private wealth." Its assets approach \$8 billion, which is four times that of the General Motors Corporation and nine times that of Bethlehem Steel. About a fourth of the population of the United States hold its policies, and there is hardly a big business enterprise in which it is not directly or indirectly interested. It is Big Business, however, only when viewed as a whole. The bulk of its wealth actually is held in trust for "little people," small wage earners and others of moderate financial station. The growth of this organization is a fascinating chapter in our economic history, and Mr. James, who has repeatedly proven his high competence and reliability as a biographer and historian, tells the story fully, with obvious impartiality, and in a lively manner. There is a massive appendix of notes, an extensive bibliography, and a good index. The many illustrations add to the value of the volume.

WHY MEN HATE, by Samuel Tenenbaum. \$3.50. *Beechurst*. Dr. Tenenbaum, who has written many times for *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, has here brought together a mass of information about the religious, anthropological, economic, geographical, and climatic causes of racial hatred and conflict. His book, indeed, is perhaps the best single-volume review of the entire subject in print. What he reveals is truly appalling, to wit, that racial hatred is not the exclusive aberration of the "lower" strata of society; even Aristotle, alas, was subject to this disease. He looked upon the Greeks of his day pretty much as Hitler looked upon the Germans of his day. Dr. Tenenbaum is especially good in his sections dealing with racial hatred in the United States. He obviously knows his subject, and while his writing is occasionally a bit loose, he is always interesting and well within the comprehension of the intelligent lay person. An excellent bibliography is appended, and there is a good index.

THE OPEN FORUM



VETERANS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

SIR: Miriam Roher, the author of "Veterans and the Civil Service" [THE AMERICAN MERCURY, December 1946] is evidently not well versed in [Federal] civil service practice. . . .

A spread of five points in a written examination really does not indicate any superior ability except perhaps that of a bookworm. Therefore a non-veteran who is equal in grade against a five-point veteran isn't really ahead in anything. Furthermore, practically no civil service list is used till the bitter end so that one who has just managed to pass an examination seldom, if ever, receives an appointment.

Guards, messengers, etc., are certainly not pleasant jobs and the fact that they are reserved for veterans is a disgrace to the country for which they fought. In addition, it would seem that veterans by reason of their experience are particularly well qualified for the former positions.

Insofar as the disabled veteran is concerned, in any position of worth, in excess of \$3000 he does not go to the head of the list. As a reward for being maimed for his country, thereby depriving himself by reason of his handicap from gainful employment, he can, with the current cost of living, go to the head of a starvation list.

The National Civil Service League made its study after World War I, when jobs were measured in a few hundred thousand instead of millions as today so that it is misleading and manifestly unfair to use those statistics for today. As far as current conditions go, many of the large number of veterans quoted in the percentages as being employed are World War II veterans returning to . . . jobs which they had acquired prior to the war in open competitive examinations. The records indicate that very few civil service employees were deferred. Another thing not mentioned is that in non-competitive promotional examinations no veterans' preference is given.

Another thing lost sight of is that many veterans returned to their old job of like pay. However, men and women who remained behind stepped into the veterans' shoes and into higher positions. The veteran did not have this opportunity, especially with the expanding activities of the Government. The veteran returns and, in many instances, he now works as a subordinate to someone who was formerly his subordinate. The attitude of many seems to be, "while he was away, we did the work." I feel sure that many veterans would have liked to stay and do the work as it was a lot easier and considerably less dangerous.

Prior to the Classification Act of 1923, civil service was nothing. Even after that Act, until the depression and early thirties, only mediocrities went into Government service. They managed to be covered into their positions by a so-called "examination." The only comment necessary in the case of a man with twenty-five years of service who can be bumped is, "the Government is better off." He just seems to have held on to his seat and nothing else. With all that service, if the man had any ability he should have risen to a position where he was vital and couldn't be let go. Unfortunately too many of the current heads of civil service jobs are those who got in when the going was easy and by virtue of sitting on their posterior long enough and hard enough are in their present places.

Further it is to be remembered that the little which is given to the veterans is little enough to compensate them for what they have done. The civil service is in reality a place to acquire experience, and a stepping-stone for anyone with real ability. A former Director of the Budget said that the pay is inadequate in relation to private industry to keep really good men. Veterans' preference or not, the standard of civil service employees will never be high enough to meet the

needs of the country unless pay is brought in line with private employment.

Miss Rohrer should have studied the facts and cases instead of interviewing a few disgruntled employees who could advance only in wartime with no competition.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANN FRIEDMAN

SIR: Miss Friedman has pointed out some important defects in the civil service system, but I believe the case against the veterans' preference system still stands.

True, the written examination is often an imperfect measure of ability to do a job — but it is the standard of merit now being used, and to pervert that standard with irrelevancies such as service in the armed forces is to pervert the merit system. True, the civil service suffers by reason of the low salaries paid, but again that is no excuse for the introduction of non-merit considerations.

True, both able-bodied and disabled veterans are deserving of the utmost consideration to enable them to reinstate themselves in civilian life, but a public job is an inadequate sop to offer them. What they really deserve is an economic system so geared that they can be confident of getting a paying position for which they are fitted in any field, public or private, without need of begging for special privilege.

The examples of how the post-World-War-I veterans' preference system worked out illustrate how much graver the situation will be with many more jobs and many more veterans.

It is Miss Friedman who has ignored the facts when she says that veterans come back to their old jobs with no chance of making up for lost time. Under the regulations, veterans receive both pay- and promotional-credit for time away in the service. That is, their time in the armed forces is added to their civil service seniority and their salaries are raised accordingly when they get back. Experience gained while in military service is also added to their civil service records to qualify them for higher jobs. In systems where promotional examinations are given, they have the opportunity of taking special tests to make up for those they missed while away. Moreover, it was a universal practice to give only "duration" appointments and promotions during the war, to expire in time to let the veteran back in on an equal footing with his non-combatant colleagues.

All the facts which went into my article came from responsible administrators of the Federal, state and local civil service systems, and from

well-known authorities on civil service procedure. The instances of the "bumping" of civil servants with twenty-five years of experience came from these authorities. It was their testimony that these employees represented a serious loss to Government efficiency. They ought to know.

MIRIAM ROHER

San Francisco, Cal.

THE CONDITION OF LAZARUS

SIR: Permit me to be skeptical of the skeptic in his corner ["The Skeptics' Corner," by Bergen Evans, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, February 1947]. He says that the Bible blocks any half-hearted doubts of the resurrection of Lazarus "by stating that in Lazarus' case decomposition had noticeably set in."

This is about the umpteenth time I have seen such unwarranted statements in print. The Bible itself says no such thing. Instead, it quotes Martha as saying that Lazarus has been dead for four days, and therefore, by inference, his body had begun to decompose and emit an odor. But she merely *infers* it. The tomb consists of a cave which is sealed with a heavy stone, in shape like a mill stone, and capable of being rolled in a groove cut for it in the living rock. Antiquarians know that such stones were sealed with clay.

This stone is rolled away *after* Martha has made her statement. She therefore had absolutely no way of positively knowing whether or not decomposition had set in, nor had anyone else. And it is unwarranted to say that the Bible itself, as "the word of God," says thus and so whenever it quotes some mortal's remarks. The words of Satan himself are quoted more than once, but we would hardly refer to his remarks by saying that "the Bible says. . ."

The Fourth Evangelist quotes Jesus as saying that "our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep" (St. John 11: 11; Revised Standard Version). But it suits his own interests best from then on to make Lazarus appear to be very dead indeed, for according to him it leads directly to the ultimate cause of the Crucifixion. The Synoptists have a different version of the events of Holy Week.

WARREN M. SMALTZ

Lebanon, Pa.

SIR: I am not one to tamper with Holy Writ. Martha said, "By this time he stinketh," and I, for one, accept her word.

That the odor proceeded from decomposition is, I confess, a deduction, though not unsp-

ported by the text. Mr. Smaltz's assumption that he just stank naturally is repugnant to me.

Mr. Smaltz may amend the Bible with whatever "inferences" he chooses, but as for me and my house we follow the King James Version.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanson, Ill.

BACKING THE DOLLAR

SIR: Donald B. Robinson's able review of "The Army's Plans for the Next War" [THE AMERICAN MERCURY, February 1947] mentioned the building up of a minimum reserve stockpile of \$1.8 billion worth of strategic materials. Mr. Robinson observed that "Congress last year appropriated only \$100 million toward this goal. The services intend to plead for the rest of this money." If this is "possibly the key element in national defense," \$1.8 billion is very little.

These plans and actions of both Congress and the Army struck me as ridiculous in the light of the fact that Congress has long given the Treasury authority to build up an unlimited stockpile of gold, much of which is being purchased from Russia in exchange for the essential materials necessary for the conduct of war. This policy is "stockpiling" Russia instead of the United States.

The United States is faced with not one, but *three* major needs which could be served by building a ten- or twenty-billion-dollar stockpile, and *at no expense to our government*, by substituting a commodity standard and backing for the dollar for its present gold and silver backing. Such a hoard might include the many chemicals and metals which are so scarce in time of war, and the grains, fuels, fabrics and facilities that could be held in reserve for times of scarcity of any cause.

In addition to its value to national defense, such a stockpile would be a major source of employment in time of threatening depression and unemployment. Instead of sterile made-work and relief payments, the resulting employment would give life and vigor to the entire economic system without increasing the national debt.

The third benefit from this measure would be its benefit to world trade and international relations. At present most other countries are sucked dry of the gold and silver upon which our currency is based, and only by our lending them gold and silver, as represented by dollars, can they buy what they need from the United States. Were America to make the transition to a commodity-backed dollar, the foreign trade of all countries would be tremendously benefited and

their economic stagnation relieved without recourse to the present loans from the United States.

Our present gold and silver reserves are sterile and useless. In time of peace we trade our iron ore, soil fertility, forests and labor to increase the hoard. In time of war or other national emergency, that gold cannot be suddenly converted into aluminum, steel, chromium, nickel, or chemicals to maintain the fertility of our soil. When disaster strikes, so great is our need for those commodities that we must dispose of our hoard at a great disadvantage on the world market, when commodities are at a premium and when gold is of negligible use.

The unused reserves backing our currency should be varied as are the investments of an insurance company, so that a decline in the value of any one commodity would not mean a severe national loss. The gold and silver standard, dating from the days when people carried gold in their pockets, is as outmoded as is the horse and buggy. And its cost to the United States during the last war alone was inestimable.

For the sake of international relations, national defense, and stabilized employment, the United States should establish the dollar on a broad base of commodity reserves.

GRISCOM MORGAN

Yellow Springs, O.

TITO'S INSPIRATION

SIR: I speak of Bogdan Raditsa's "How Terror Rules Yugoslavia," in the December 1946 AMERICAN MERCURY.

I hold no brief for Communism; nor have I ever visited a Communist country. But what strikes me about Mr. Raditsa's article, based though it is on a year's living under the new régime in his own country, is that virtually every point he brings out to illustrate the "terror" there can be seen, viewed in terms of individual and social development, as substantially sound and hopeful. The most glorious achievements of men and women are inspired not by fear but by love and hope. What but love and hope could have inspired, among the Russians, the defense of Stalingrad? What but these same spontaneous forces could have inspired Tito and his followers to their wartime activities against their enemies?

The reaching of official and communal scrutiny into very sections of each street sounds, at superficial glance, like the acme of enslavement. Yet does the individual cherish his personality as a thing to be cloistered in the attic, or does he

derive satisfaction from it to the degree he can actively share it with his fellows? How does he grow as an individual but to the degree he is able, and enabled, to share his individuality with more and more of his fellows? One of the profound satisfactions I derived from my service in the Army was the living without secrets among men who had no secrets.

As to the whole of the Yugoslav society, working together, working for and with one another, working for an ultimate good to be shared by all, based as such work is in a maximum sharing of one's individuality — is not that the way, after all, of furthering the welfare of society? Mr. Raditsa cites compulsion to labor and patriotic Anka's flight from Yugoslavia as illustrations of terror. I read elsewhere of the enthusiastic and quick completion of a railroad by volunteer students, not only from Yugoslavia but from neighboring countries as well. Mr. Raditsa singles out for his "anatomy of fear" the city of Zagreb, which he describes as a city whose people "have always been proud of their autonomous rights and privileges." I read elsewhere of Yugoslav Jews, Catholics and Orthodox Catholics living side by side and enjoying their religious festivals, for the first time free of fear. Mr. Raditsa speaks of the terror being carried into very families by the requirement that school children report on their parents, which is indeed, because it is organized, an extreme means of scrutiny. Yet is not the ultimate health of any society measured by the effectiveness with which public opinion supplies the pressure to avert asocial and antisocial activities?

The listing of point and counterpoint could go on through all of Mr. Raditsa's article. My plea is for recognition of that which Mr. Raditsa fails altogether to see: that the greatest freedom of all, the freedom to grow as a personality and as an active member of society, is perhaps at hand for the first time in the history of the Yugoslavs.

THADDEUS L. BIALEK

Baltimore, Md.

SIR: It is easy to see from Mr. Bialek's letter that life in the Army must have given him many "profound satisfactions," but he should not forget that he was in the Army of a democracy, where men do not have to hide their thoughts, and that he was in this Army only for a limited time. The citizens of Tito's Yugoslavia have a lifetime of regimentation facing them. If Mr. Bialek enjoys "sharing" his personality with "his fellows," that is his business, but he should at least realize that in a police state the people with

whom he shares it, the way in which it is shared, and indeed the very manner in which it is developed will not be of his own choosing.

It is misleading to state that the Communists permit people to enjoy their religion free of fear. Sunday, when religious people used to go to church in Yugoslavia, is now entirely taken up by "spontaneously"-organized People's Front festivals, "voluntary" labor, etc. As for the "enthusiastic" completion of a railroad by "volunteer" students, Mr. Bialek might remember that similar scenes were witnessed by correspondents many years ago — in Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy.

It is quite true that the Yugoslav people fought inspired by "love and hope" during the war, but it was love of their country and hope for a better future. They believed that "for the first time" they would achieve freedom from fear; but for the second time they were frustrated — this time by the Communists. In Yugoslavia today there is not hope but despair, not love but hatred.

BOGDAN RADITSA

Cornwall, Conn.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

SIR: The article "Our Canadian Readers" [by Akely Mitchell] in your February 1947 issue is quite interesting — but I wonder just what was the source of the circulation figures quoted on page 206? On inspecting the latest available ABC circulation figures (Publisher's Statement of June 30, 1946), I find the following information:

CIRCULATION FIGURES

U. S. Publications

<i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	139,748
<i>Collier's</i>	71,549
<i>Ladies' Home Journal</i>	211,612
<i>McCall's</i>	107,995
<i>Life</i>	134,178

Canadian Publications

<i>Maclean's</i>	304,637
<i>National Home Monthly</i>	281,957
<i>Chatelaine</i>	276,476
<i>Canadian Home Journal</i>	273,000
<i>New World</i>	180,472

And incidentally, the June 30, 1946, ABC circulation figure for the *Time* Canadian Edition was 97,040.

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SIR: In his story about Canadian publications Akely Mitchell omitted the largest and most important paper of all — the *Montreal Daily Star*.

This is Canada's greatest newspaper and, in my opinion, the greatest newspaper in the world for news, surpassing even the *New York Times*. . . .

A. S. MCCORMICK, M. D.

Akron, O.

SIR: No wonder Mr. Honneus is confused at my figures. Somewhere along the line the word "monthly" was omitted. In order to provide a yardstick of comparison, all figures (based on "Canadian Advertising" for the first quarter of 1946) were reduced to a monthly basis.

If Mr. Honneus will divide the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's* and *Life* by four and *Maclean's* by two, he will find that my figures correspond fairly closely to his, save that his will show a rise due to increased circulation in the subsequent quarter. This increase is common to nearly all magazines read in Canada and no doubt the situation is the same in the United States. In the case of *National Home Monthly*, however, I made the egregious error of doubling its figure (a confusion with *Maclean's*), a mistake which I did not realize until Mr. Honneus brought it to my attention. My embarrassment is somewhat modified by the fact that I seem to have pinpointed the circulation figure for the *Time* Canadian edition.

Dr. McCormick claims a good deal for the *Montreal Daily Star*. It is undoubtedly a great paper. It is certainly neither the largest nor, in my opinion, the most important, in Canada, though now that it is being edited by George V. Ferguson, the brilliant former managing editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, it may well become so.

The *Star's* circulation of 148,703 is exceeded by that of the *Toronto Daily Star*, the *Montreal La Presse*, the *Toronto Globe & Mail* and the *Toronto Telegram*. Its claim to be the greatest Canadian newspaper would be violently contested by any of the above journals, to say nothing of the *Winnipeg Free Press* and the *Vancouver Province*. . . .

AKELY MITCHELL

Ottawa, Ont.

BUFFALO BILL

SIR: I have just read an article entitled "Salute to Buffalo Bill," by Stewart Holbrook in the September 1946 issue of your publication. . . .

I am a relative of the late Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), and, perhaps, quite naturally, have

felt interested in this article. While appreciating some admiration expressed by Mr. Holbrook for "Buffalo Bill," I have been wondering if the title given his sketch is not to quite an extent a misnomer. Where is there a "salute to Buffalo Bill" in the repeated effort throughout this article to make "Buffalo Bill" out throughout his life both a drunken "souse" and adulterer? Was Mr. Holbrook personally present at all these imputed indiscretions and vices, or is he simply one of this sickening but growing school of "inside information" folk who are becoming such a bore in this generation? . . .

I gather . . . from Stewart H. Holbrook's article that if it hadn't been for Ned Buntline and one Major Burke, "Buffalo Bill" would never have been known to the world. It strikes me, as a newspaperman myself, that even the best press agents must have a subject who "has something on the ball." Buntline and Burke didn't win for Bill Cody the Congressional Medal of Honor. He won it himself, for valor in the field. I think, too, that he alone was responsible for his reputation as scout and buffalo hunter. I also imagine that he himself had something to do with the appeal and success of his Wild West over many years. The slickest of press agents can't do much with a dud, so I rather imagine "Buffalo Bill" had some merit in his own right.

Your article on "Buffalo Bill" took up quite a bit of space, and undoubtedly was read by many. I wonder if you would be prepared to run this shorter contribution of mine in your earliest possible issue. This in fairness to his memory and to his kinsfolk on both sides of the international border. . . .

M. B. CODY

Victoria, B. C.

SIR: If Mr. M. B. Cody thinks I meant to remove any glory from my favorite Western character, namely Buffalo Bill, then let him know he is grievously mistaken. But I like my heroes to be human beings, not bloodless, immaculate gods. I think far more of Buffalo Bill because of what some people, but not I, might call his human failings, than if he had not had them. The sugar-tit school of biography is worse than the debunking school. I like a medium course, and, judging from my mail about the MERCURY article, I must have taken a medium course, too, for many letters from people who knew Colonel Cody intimately say my article understated his lustiness and was also extremely easy in regard to his "well-known undependability."

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

Portland, Ore.



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